

IS A SECOND MOODY.

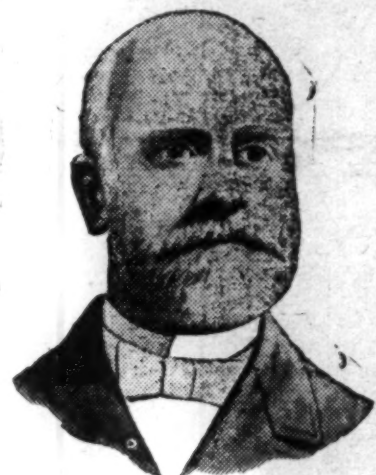
Dr. Torrey, of Chicago, Hailed as
Most Famous Evangelist.

Has Just Returned from a Tour of the
World, in the Course of Which
He Converted Thousands of
Unbelievers.

With the return of Rev. Dr. R. A. Torrey to Chicago, after a memorable tour of the world occupying one year five months and 23 days, he may find suggestiveness anew in the old proverb: "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." For when Dr. Torrey left Chicago it was as one of the leading workers connected with the Moody Bible institute, a good organizer of Sunday schools, and an evangelist of more than local notoriety. Returning, however, to the church in which Moody rose to fame, Dr. Torrey brings with him a record of revivals in foreign lands which have marked him as the leading evangelist of his time.

"Gray, rotund, impressive and almost austere," is a descriptive bit of English employed by one of his hearers who wrote of him in London, and any one of his acquaintances in Chicago will testify to the faithfulness of the observation from the point of view of the stranger. On the platform, however, filled with earnestness and speaking in the full, powerful tones of the orator, he becomes a commanding figure with a magnetic presence.

"Yes, you might say that he has the 'Moody method,'" said a Chicago friend, speaking of him to a Tribune reporter. "When you discovered what the Moody method was you found it to be a something which was appealing to you in person without regard to any other of a thousand persons who might be sitting around you. And this is the Torrey method; he speaks to you in person and you feel



REV. REUBEN A. TORREY.
(Hailed by Chicago Church People as the
Second Moody.)

It is the apotheosis of the speech: "Thou art the man."

Japan, China, Australia, India, Australasia, London, and England, Scotland and Ireland have been marked by this triumphal march of religious fervor. In churches, halls, theaters and in workshops, and in the open air he has labored in the cause of religion, and his followers everywhere are pleased to recognize the spiritual results as scarcely less miraculous than the day of pentecost produced in the time of Christ.

Reuben A. Torrey was born in Hobboken, N. J., in 1856. At the age of 15 he entered Yale, and he was graduated from that school, in his senior year proclaiming himself a convert to Christianity. Taking the theological course at Yale seminary, he became a Congregational minister, and went to Germany for post-graduate study. Returning, he took the pastorate of a church at Minneapolis, and remained there until called to Moody institute in Chicago in 1889.

Speaking recently in London of the circumstance of his conversion while in school he drew a vivid picture. He made up his mind to become a lawyer, when, one day rummaging among books in his father's library, it occurred to him that he might become a minister. The thought staid with him just long enough for him to consider the things he would have to give up in life, and he dismissed the idea of becoming even a convert to Christianity.

"Then," he said, "I went in for a good time. Did I find it? I found disappointment, barrenness, wretchedness. So I went in deeper to find a good time. Did I find it? There came a night of awful disappointment. I was a young man then, but as a young man my life was all burned out, and it seemed too unendurable to bear. I thought I would end the whole miserable business. In fact, I started to do it that night.

"Then, as I stood by my washstand in my room in the university, fumbling around for the weapon that, as I imagined, would end my misery, I dropped on my knees and told God: 'If you take the burden off, I will preach the Gospel.' I hoped to get rid of some of my misery, but to my utter amazement I found a joy I had never found on the race course, nor in the opera house, nor at the card table, nor in the ballroom, nor anywhere else. From that day to this that joy has grown broader and broader every year.

with the exception of a short time when I fell under the spell of agnosticism. For the rest of the time every year has been better than the year that went before."

And this is the man who, in leaving Melbourne a few months ago, called a meeting of thanksgiving for all those who had accepted Christ in the revival there. Seven thousand of them came and crowded the building, and overflowed it for yards around.

PROMOTED.

L. B. Anderson Goes Higher.

From the Chicago Conservator.

Asst. County Attorney Louis B. Anderson has just been promoted in the County Attorney's office, and is now the "tax attorney" for Cook county. The new field revenue law, in which his services will be required, embraces one of the most difficult and technical branches of the law. All suits on behalf of the county for the collection of delinquent taxes in the Circuit and Superior courts, will hereafter be prosecuted by Mr. Anderson. His new duties also require his appearance in the United States District Court in bankruptcy proceedings, where the taxes on personal and real property of the bankrupt have not been paid.

It is estimated that in the tax cases, suits for more than \$100,000 for delinquent taxes are commenced and prosecuted annually.

Since the appointment of Mr. Anderson some five years ago, as one of the Asst. Co. Attys., he has had charge of the prosecution of all cases involving the support of pauper relatives by those of kin upon whom the law casts the burden, in some cases, and cases of wife and children abandonment.

REV. BROWN'S ATTACK.

The People Condemn it—A Lively Time in His Church.

There was a lively set to at the Lincoln Memorial Congregational Church on last Sunday morning. At the conclusion of Rev. Sterling N. Brown's sermon, C. W. Childs arose and called the attention of the congregation to the criticisms made against the recent sermon of the pastor on the Metropole club and Stewart's Conservatory of Music hall. He invited those present to give an expression. Mr. W. A. Stewart, the manager of the hall, who was present, arose and stated that he had assurances from Rev. Brown that he would defend the representation that he had made against the hall, but to his surprise the Rev. gentleman had told an untruth and he did not think that any man should be the pastor of any church who would not correct a misrepresentation when he made it. His language was severe and pointed and he hinted that he had some things to tell that would do doubt be a surprise to the pastor. Cries were made to put Mr. Stewart out of church but he stood his ground and the only way that he was put out, was a member made a motion to sing the doxology and only the members were invited to remain at its conclusion.

The anonymous letter that was sent to Commissioner West seems to have disclosed the author and it is reported that the grand jury will investigate it, also a civil suit for damages will be instituted against Rev. Brown. There is much indignation expressed by the members of the Metropole club which is composed of some of the leading citizens of Washington. Gambling of no kind is permitted to go on in this club. Lieut. Jordan of that precinct states that he wished that many of the residents were as quiet and as orderly as the Metropole club.

NEW ENGLAND NEGROES MAD.

W. H. Trotter Hands Out Resolution
He Was Unable to Introduce in Convention.

(Louisville, Ky., July 3, 1903.)

George W. Forbes, and W. M. Trotter, two Boston colored men who came here to attend the sessions of the National Afro American Council, leave the city today for New England, indignant because President Roosevelt was endorsed. They claim that Booker Washington controlled the convention, and that T. Thomas Fortune is Washington's man. They also contend that Fortune, Adams and others are truckling to Washington because, they assert, the Tuskegee sage has the ear of the President. Trotter handed the following resolution to the newspapers last night, and claimed that the gag law had been used, and he was not allowed to introduce it at the council: "Resolved, that we add to the resolution commending the President for his public utterances that we regret the President has made no recommendation to Congress to pass legislation to secure our civil or political rights, or to protect our lives from lynching; that according to his own letter to Clark Howell he has given but one office in one hundred to colored Americans in a section where colored Republicans outnumber the white Republicans 200 to one, that he has to show such little confidence in the negro as to put the patronage in the hands of white Democrats to the exclusion of the colored Republican leaders of the South."

Trotter claims that his trio represent the sentiment of the New England negroes. Their expenses were paid to the convention to express these views.

The Attack.

With the exception of a few members of Lincoln Memorial Church, the sermon of Rev. Sterling M. Brown a-

gainst the Metropole club and Conservatory of Music hall is being severely criticized and condemned. Whoever advised Rev. Brown to make such an unwarrantable attack on one knows but himself. It is not believed that he made the attack from any personal knowledge he had of either place. He acknowledged his error to Mr. Stewart and had agreed to retract it. Since then Rev. Brown received a letter of congratulation from a man who has no standing in the community and who is charged with having written a disreputable letter to the Commissioners. It is to be regretted that Rev. Brown should have been made the cats paw for other people's grievances. After having been convinced that he had been misinformed he should have made the amends honorable. It is not too late.

BOOK OF THE ROYAL BLUE.

The July number "Book of the Royal Blue," published by the Passenger Department, Baltimore & Ohio R. R., has two leading articles. The Fortieth Anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg will be celebrated at Gettysburg on July 1st, 2nd and 3rd, and a new intensely interesting story of the battle by General H. S. Hildekooper, leads off. The story is tersely told and profusely illustrated with scenes and maps, and is probably one of the most



HON. HENRY A. CASTLE.
Sixth Auditor Will Remain. His Administration is Clean.

condensed text books of the battle ever written. The story of Barbara Fritchie, which has been told and retold, proved and denied, over and over again, is retold by interviews of the surviving relatives of the parties concerned.

The book contains its usual bright poems by well-known writers. Single copies can be had for five (5) cents, on application by D. R. Martin Manager Passenger Traffic, Baltimore, Md. Annual subscription fifty (50) cents.

ALMOST A RIOT OVER A PICTURE.

Negroes Object to Booker Washington Painting.

Traitor to his Race. Eastern and Southern Delegates Disagree. Epithets are Exchanged. Claim Tuskegee Educator is Truckling to Whites to get their Money. Two Rival Bodies Merge.

(From the Louisville Herald.)

A picture of Booker T. Washington in a gold frame and painted in oils almost broke up the meeting of the National Afro-American Council in Odd Fellows' Hall yesterday afternoon, and for a time it looked as if blows would be exchanged. Washington was called "a traitor to his race" in the excitement.

It was not until a picture of a colored man who represented ideas diametrically opposed to Washington was placed on the opposite side of the stage did the clamor cease. All through the meeting the anti-Booker Washington men made demonstrations and talked in a loud and angry manner. When a vote was taken, however, it was shown that there were only sixteen that opposed the sage of Tuskegee. Washington himself was not present, but his private secretary, Emmett J. Scott, was, and he watched the animated scene as an interested spectator.

TROUBLE BEGINS IN PEACE MOVEMENT.

The trouble began in what seemed to be the inauguration of a peace movement. A delegation of negroes, who represent what they call the advanced dogma and the anti-Booker Washington idea, six months ago organized a national Afro-American suf-

frage organization. Among the leaders in this movement was James H. Hayes, the sensational negro lawyer who has advocated that the negroes retaliate by shooting back at the whites when they are shot at. Yesterday morning these dissenters were admitted to the National Afro-American Council upon the payment of \$1 apiece initiation fee, the regular fee being \$5. In compromise the National Afro-Americans agreed to make Hayes National Organizer.

Most of those who joined yesterday are from New England, Washington or New York, and have the idea that the negro should assert himself, and not stand in the background. They are enemies of Booker Washington because they think he makes the negro looked down upon by the whites. They favor the higher education, and probably social equality, too. They had no sooner begun taking part in the deliberations of the convention than the argument began. When Booker Washington's picture was brought out and placed on the left side of the stage, and an eulogy was delivered regarding his great work, the anti-Washington men could hardly contain themselves. W. H. Ferris, of Washington, arose.

OBJECTS TO WASHINGTON'S PICTURE.

"I object to that picture being on the platform, unless placed opposite to some other negro who stands for the higher life and intellectual develop-

ment. Pledge. "We don't want any back woods preaching here."

"I am for justice and honor and you are trying to gag us," exclaimed McGhee after vainly shouting for the privilege of being heard.

"Well, you ought to be gagged," retorted Pledge, as he brought down his gavel with a thump.

Finally Bishop Clinton quieted everybody by saying:

"Let us be dignified and not appear before the public like fools."

The report was then adopted, and the following officers declared elected:

President, T. Thomas Fortune; Vice President, W. A. Pledge; other Vice Presidents, W. H. Stewart, J. Q. Adams, James H. Guy, James Lewis, A. D. Griffin, W. H. Lewis, R. J. Jeffries; Secretary, Cyrus Field Adams; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. F. B. Williams; Assistant Secretary, J. W. Thompson; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. Q. Adams, Chaplain, the Rev. L. G. Jordan.

This way to Hampton.

The Washington and Norfolk steamboat company under the management of that polite efficient business man, John Calahan is doing a thriving business between here and Norfolk. First class service in every respect is found on this boat. The summer school at Hampton is drawing large crowds of colored people from all sections of the country and many Washington people have already secured boarding places at Hampton. There is no necessity for people to go to Baltimore to go to Hampton. The Washington steamboat will give you first class accommodation.

Relic of the War of 1812.

A relic of historic interest was dug up in Detroit recently by a workman excavating upon the site of old Fort Shelby on Shelby street. A pocket-knife of gigantic proportions, with handle of horn, brass mountings, heavy brass rivets, all hand wrought, bearing on one side in boldly carved letters the name of Gen. Hull, who commanded the forces at Detroit during the war of 1812, vividly recalls those stirring days. Although it has been buried for nearly a hundred years, it is in a fine state of preservation. And, while this formidable looking knife may not be a thing of beauty, yet, for strength and durability and general usefulness the latter day physical degenerates of knives appear puny and weak by comparison. The unappreciative laborer who picked it up afterwards sold the knife to Harry Hollands, who has added it to his extensive collection of curios and Indian relics.

Only Church of Its Kind.

The Church of the Holy Ghost at Heidelberg is the only one in the world, in which both Protestant and Roman Catholic services are held at the same time. A partition wall in the center separates the two congregations.

Paris Club of Silence.

A "Club of Silence" meets daily in Paris. The members are all deaf mutes, and so are the attendants. Without a sound various orders are given, and the servants move as silently as specters. The president of this club could speak up to his twenty-seventh year. Then he had his tongue cut out by some Indians he was fighting in Montana.

Principal Conventions to be held in Various Portions of the United States for which Special Rates will be in Effect via Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Special Low Rate Excursions June 25th, July 9th and 23rd, August 6th and 20th, and September 3rd.

Atlanta, Ga.—National Convention B. Y. P. U. A., July 9-12. Tickets on sale July 6th to 9th, good returning until July 15th, inclusive.

Baltimore, Md.—Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, July 21-23. Tickets on sale July 19th and 20th good returning until July 25th, inclusive.

Baltimore, Md.—Seventy-Ninth Annual Session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., September 21-26. Tickets on sale September 19th, 20th and 21st, good returning until September 28th, inclusive.

Boston, Mass.—National Educational Association, July 6-10. Tickets on sale July 3rd to 6th, good returning until July 12th, inclusive.

Denver, Colo.—Christian Endeavor Society, July 9-13. Tickets on sale July 6th, 7th, and 8th, good returning until August 31st.

Detroit, Mich.—Epworth League International Convention, July 16-19. Tickets on sale July 14th and 15th, good returning until July 20th, inclusive.

San Francisco Cal.—Grand Army of the Republic, August 17-22. Tickets on sale August 4th to 13th, good returning until October 15th, inclusive.

Saratoga, N. Y.—Imperial Council, Ancient Arabic Order, Mystic Shrine, July 7-10. Tickets on sale July 6th and 7th, good returning until July 20, inclusive.

Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Hourly Passenger Train Service between Washington and Baltimore.

From New Jersey Ave., and C St., "every hour on the hour," 7:00 a. m. to 8 p. m. Returning, from Baltimore in like manner.

Bay Ridge Season.

Open June 13. Liberal concessions to Sunday Schools, Societies, and Organizations. Fordates and terms apply to S. B. Hege, District Passenger Agent, B. & O. R. R. 707 13th St. J.

TRIBUTE TO LAWTON.

Monument to His Memory Erected
in the Philippines.

It Was Built by the Soldiers of the
American Army in Honor of a
Gallant Soldier and Friend
of the Natives.

In a lonely rice field in the Philippine islands a monument has been erected to the memory of Maj. Gen. Henry W. Lawton, whose widow is now living at Pewee valley, near Louisville, Ky. It was built by the soldiers of the American army in the Philippines in honor of a soldier. It is situated about 15 miles from Manila, near San Mateo, and is the only evidence to show that a battle was ever fought at that place. It was here that Gen. Lawton was killed, on the morning of December 1, 1899, while in front of his men, leading a charge against the breastworks of the insurgents.

The monument was built by the enlisted men of the Second United States Infantry, under the supervision of Maj. H. L. Bailey. It is in the shape of a pyramid, 15 feet high, and mounted upon the top is an old Spanish cannon surrounded by four modern shells.

Adj. Gen. Corbin has just received from a friend in Manila an account of the unveiling of this memorial on February 22 last. The ceremonies were simple, yet very impressive.

That Gen. Lawton was loved and respected by those who served under him was attested by the presence at the ceremonies of a large number of Americans who had served with him in his Indian campaigns in this country. Conspicuous also among those present were the Lawton post, No. 1, Veterans of the Army of the Philippines, and a number of native Filipinos.

When Maj. Gen. George W. Davis, commanding the division of the Philip-



THE LAWTON MONUMENT.
(Located in a Lonely Rice Field in the
Philippine Islands.)

ines, with his staff, escorted by troop B, of the Sixth cavalry, arrived on the field where the ceremonies took place, he was saluted by 13 guns from the Fifteenth battery. Three troops of cavalry, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth batteries of field artillery, two companies of coast artillery, four companies of the Second infantry and two companies of the Fifth infantry participated in the ceremonies.

The exercises were opened with a prayer by Chaplain Silvers. When the monument, which was draped in an American flag, was unveiled, a major general's salute of 13 guns was fired.

Maj. Gen. Davis followed the chaplain in a forceful speech. "His monument," said Gen. Davis, "built, as it is, of solid and enduring materials, will in time crumble into dust and disappear, but the memory of Lawton will endure for ages."

The commander of the Veteran Army of the Philippines, Gen. McCoy, also spoke. He paid a high tribute to the dead general, declaring that the Filipinos would one day "come to the spot where Lawton fell, as to a shrine, and shed their tears over it."

Chaplain Silver, in a tribute to the dead general, said, in part: "This man, whose name we honor to-day, is great, not because he died, but because he lived, and utilized in life those endowments of our nature which tend to better things. His memory speaks, and is a stimulus for action and courage to all who contemplate it. That a man should so rise from a humble station to a position of national importance and honor bears witness to the fact that he was a giant in moral character. He was loved by his soldiers. He was the ideal soldier. Fearless, courageous, cool headed. An inspiration in battle!"

Pigskin Grafted on a Girl.

A young girl, having been so badly burned on the back that the skin refused to heal, the surgeon conceived the idea of using the cuticle of a young pig. A small black pig was obtained, and chloroformed into insensibility, and brought into the operating room swathed in sterilized towels. The skin was laid on in small pieces until it covered the bare place. It was then secured by bands. This is the first operation of the kind undertaken. It is not expected, however, that the pigskin will grow permanently to the child, but that natural cuticle will finally push it out of the way and cover the entire wound.



They Say

A man should be the boss of his own office.

Why do people run after me and positions?

If you hold an office no matter what kind it is, you can pass.

It is not well to be conceited, no matter what your position in life may be.

The Post office scandal is a thing of the present.

The Colored American, with its 5000 (?) circulation has had the wind colic for two weeks.

The Bee attends to its own business and never makes faces at other people.

Officer Martin is no doubt a wise man than he used to be.

It is not well to attempt to ingratiate yourself in the estimation of superiors at the expense of your friends.

Commissioner West is a man who intends to treat the negro right.

Why has the color line been drawn in the election of jurors.

Has the color prejudice entered the hall of justice?

Where is the negro to go for protection?

The day will come when justice will reign.

Senator Hanna comes up smiling.

Foraker has the platform and Hanna the governorship.

What is the use of the platform if the other is against you?

Some people imagine that they know it all.

The greatest men in the world are sometimes the weakest.

Nothing is certain until it is made certain.

You should never attempt to do impossibilities.

Think of the men who have died for it.

There will be but a few delegates of color from the South to the next convention.

And yet their offsprings are discriminated against.

For once in their lives courts no colored citizen has been drawn on the jury.

The colored population of this city is 80 thousands.

There should be more manhood instilled in our schools.

The school Board of Education should be elected by the people.

Think of those things which are great and good.

The democratic party has a fighting chance to win.

The Afro-American Council will meet at Louisville, Ky., and will no doubt resolve to die again by weak measures and weak men.

Postmaster Merritt is the negroes' friend.

Don't allow the wickedness of the world to bother you.

Men are judged by what they do.

How do you like a change in the schools?

You will have more changes soon.

There are to be a few reductions in the supervising principals.

It is not well for men to get the swelled head too soon.

You can always tell when a person is mentally affected.

Sudden elevation is bound to affect you.

Read the Bee and be happy.

LED VICTIM BY ROPE.

Bold Burglar Takes Advantage of Girl's Helplessness.

Drew Noose About Miss Schneider's Neck and Then Compelled Her to Point Out Places Where Valuables Were Kept.

According to a New York correspondent one of the most remarkable cases of cruelty and attempted robbery in the police annals of Williamsburg was investigated by Capt. Burford of the Humboldt street station, and two of his detectives, William Gillin and George Golden. The victim of the daring burglar was Louise Schneider, 17 years old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Schneider.

The girl was in a critical condition as a result of her terrible experience. According to the story told the police, she was gagged, her hands were bound behind her, and with a noose drawn tight around her neck she was led from room to room in her father's house, while the burglar ransacked chests and drawers.

The girl's parents were out calling and she was alone in the house. About eight o'clock she went to the bathroom and took a bath. When she emerged from the bathroom and stepped into her own room, in which there was no light, she was suddenly seized from behind and a rough hand was clapped over her mouth.

"If you scream or make a noise of any kind I'll stab you," said a man's voice, and her captor held a knife before her eyes.

Too terrified to make an outcry, Louise was silent while the man tied her hands behind her. She noticed that he wore a dark soft hat pulled down over his eyes; a dark suit of clothes with a square cut sack coat, and a false beard. This slipped up and down while she was being tied, and seemed insecurely fastened.

When the girl's hands were bound the man drew from his pocket another



NOOSE AROUND HER NECK.

rope, on the end of which was a slip noose, which he threw around her neck. Then he took a bottle of turpentine out of his pocket. At sight of this Louise screamed, and he quickly saturated a handkerchief with turpentine and thrust it into her mouth as a gag.

Then, with the noose drawn tightly about her neck, he led her from room to room. In each room he ordered her roughly to tell where any valuables were kept. She was too terrified to resist or comply, and, although he searched the house thoroughly, he found nothing.

Next door to the Schneiders is the home of Mrs. Ella McCue, an invalid. She heard the girl's screams before she was gagged, but was bedridden and unable to go to her aid or give the alarm. While the burglar was still in the Schneider house, however, Mrs. McCue's bell rang.

Apparently aware of Mrs. McCue's condition, the burglar had shown no alarm when Louise screamed for help. When he heard the McCue bell ring, however, he hurriedly tied his almost fainting victim to the leg of a table, throwing her on the floor. Then he calmly washed the turpentine from his hands, brushed his hair and left.

Mrs. McCue's visitor was a young friend, Miss Nellie Primrose, who lives in Newell street, Greenpoint. She entered the house after ringing the bell and Mrs. McCue said to her:

"Please go next door and see what has happened to Louise. She has been screaming for help."

Miss Primrose ran in and found Louise barely conscious, lying on the floor. Her hands were bound, the gag was still in her mouth, and the noose around her neck. The other end of the noose was tied to the table leg. Miss Primrose released her and put her to bed and then hurried to the Humboldt street police station, where she gave the alarm.

The police have no clue to the identity of the burglar, beyond Louise's description. She thinks he was about five feet eight inches tall, of medium build and about 35 years old. When the girl's parents returned home they found her almost delirious after her terrible experience, and a physician's services were required.

Begins to Feel Impatient.

The impatience of some husbands is really annoying. About 12 years ago the wife of a man in Allen county, Kan., went on a visit to some relatives, and has not yet returned. The husband begins to feel impatient, and fears that if she does not come home in a year or two more it may be her intention to desert him.

Powerful Artesian Well.

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"CASPER'S STANDARD" 10 Year old whiskey is a liquid joy! It is actually produced by honest Tar Heels in the Mountain Section of North Carolina by the old time process. Every drop is boiled over open furnace wood fires, in old style copper stills, in exactly the same way it was made by your grand-fathers a century ago. First rate whiskey is sold at \$5 to \$6 per gallon, but it is not any better than

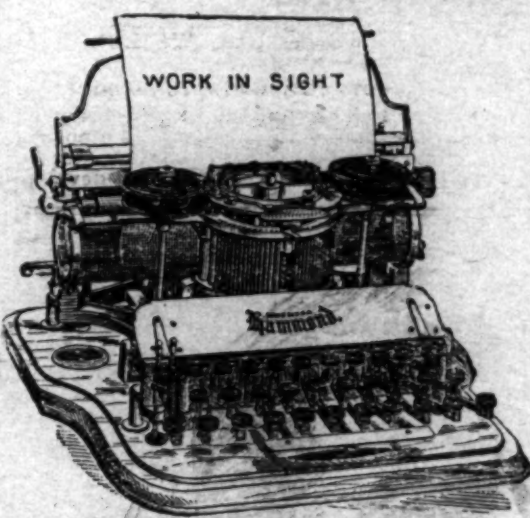
peevish every customer or we will buy it back with gold—we are incorporated Under the Laws of North Carolina, with an authorized capital of \$100,000.00 and the Peoples National Bank and Piedmont Savings Bank of Winston-Salem, N. C., will tell you our guarantee is good. This is old honest, mild and mellow whiskey is worth one dollar a quart, but to more fully introduce "CASPER'S STANDARD" we offer sample shipments of this brand at half price, (packed in plain sealed boxes) 5 Quarts \$2.95, 10 Quarts \$5.00, Express Prepaid Anywhere in the United States. All orders and remittances (in stamps, cash or by check etc.) as well as requests for confidential price list must be addressed as follows:

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Mrs. Bacon—Ready and willing are synonymous terms, are they not?
Mr. Bacon—Not always. For instance, you are always willing to go to the theater, but you're not always ready.—T.H.H.

Professional Opinion.
Softleigh—I say, doctor, do you—aw—believe that liquor really affects a man's brain?
Physician—Yes, if he has any. Otherwise it affects his legs.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lights.
"Well, I suppose Rockefeller lives according to his lights."
"I don't know. Sometimes I think other people's lights have more to do with it."—Detroit Free Press

MISSED HIS ENGAGEMENT.

John Chinaman Was Skewered and Wily, But Could Not Escape from Police Clutches.

New York papers report that some days ago a squad of Manhattan police raided a fan tan game in Chinatown. Eleven Chinamen were captured and kept in a third-story front room in charge of Detective Drenan until the patrol wagon came for them. While they were waiting for the wagon one of the prisoners said to Drenan:

"Me got to go. Me got velly important engagement."

"I suppose so," said the detective,



"but you've got a more important engagement at the police station."

The Chinaman begged like a good fellow, but Drenan was obdurate.

"Me give you five dollars if you let me go," the prisoner finally whispered.

"No use, John. Even if I let you out of the room," said the detective, "the police would catch you at the lower door. They are guarding that."

As quick as a flash the Chinaman answered: "That's all right. You let me out, me go upstairs, get out on roof, and go down other building. Police no catch me."

"Can't do it, John," Drenan persisted. "They've got you prisoners all counted. If I turn over only ten I'll have troubles of my own."

"Me fix that," the Chinaman answered, without a moment's hesitation.

"Me go to window, call a Chinaman friend up from street. When he come to this door you pull him in and I run out. See? You have eleven prisoners alle same, and police can't tell one Chinaman from other."

But, notwithstanding his cunning, John had to go to the station, and his "velly important engagement" was broken.

PET ANGORA'S FUNERAL.

Mrs. Grover's Sole Companion Buried in Cat and Dog Cemetery at Hartsdale, N. Y.

In an ornate casket, silk-lined and heaped with flowers, a pet Angora cat was buried in the cat and dog cemetery at Hartsdale, N. Y. For several years it had been the sole companion of Mrs. Bertha Grover, a widow.

Mrs. Grover's pet was a beautiful creature, and during its lifetime of eight or nine years it had won several prizes at cat shows in this city.

While watching some sparrows while it was seated in the front window of the third floor of the house last Tues-

day the Angora lost its balance and fell to the street.

Mrs. Grover, who had seen her pet fall, ran downstairs and found it lifeless on the sidewalk. She picked it up and sent for a veterinary surgeon, who had considerable difficulty in convincing her that the cat was dead.

An undertaker was summoned and told to make a pretty casket for the dead pet.

The order was executed to the letter, and the widow drove to Hartsdale as the sole mourner, with the little casket in her carriage.

Luckiest Chap in Texas.

What may be called the "falling sickness" is having some sport with John Chapman, of Galena, Tex. He fell down a shallow shaft at the Blind Tiger mine, and dislocated his shoulder. On reaching home he fell down the cellar stairs, and the jar knocked his shoulder into place again. The next morning he was able to go to work as usual.

Famous Bell Is Cracked.

There is great grief at Rouen, France, where the famous bell known as "Rouel," which, for an uninterrupted period of 600 years, has rung the curfew, has just exhibited a serious crack. It is feared that repairs are impossible, and that the bell will never ring again.

Coal in the United States.

T. K. Adams, a mine inspector of Mercer county, Pennsylvania, says that the last lump of coal will be mined in the United States in the year 2032.

He said there is about enough coal in the United States to last 700 years at the present rate of consumption, but points out that the demand doubles every 16 years, and should the ratio be continued, the coal will be exhausted within the next 150 years.

FORTY BIG AIRSHIPS.

All Will Take Part in the Coming Races at Paris.

Contests to Be Presided Over by Santos-Dumont—All Working for the Solution of Secret of Avian Flight.

The airship races which are to take place in Paris during the coming summer will mark an epoch in dirigible balloon building. The most famous aeronauts in the world, headed by Santos-Dumont, will gather together in a series of interesting test matches to decide which among their number has come nearest to a correct solution of the secrets of avian flight. Santos-Dumont will launch three new vessels, any one of which, he is convinced, will prove a dangerous rival to those of Tour, the Lebaudys, the Spencers and other well-known aeronauts.

By general desire M. Santos-Dumont is to be the president of these airship races, and he is taking an infinite of trouble to insure their perfect success. His airship station, the first of the kind, is now well forward in construction, and when completed will be one of the most interesting buildings in the world. The huge barn, as he calls it, is divided into seven sections, or stalls, each capable of housing the biggest airship ever built.

Three of these sections will be occupied by M. Santos-Dumont's own vessels, but the remaining four will be at the service of any fellow aeronaut who desires temporary accommodation for his ship. Each section will be furnished with double doors opening outward, and the method which the inventor intends to adopt in releasing the airship is novel and ingenious. Running out from each "stall" will be a single line of rails, some 200 yards long, bearing a substantially built truck. From the stern and bows of the airship strong ropes will connect



M. SANTOS-DUMONT.
(Brazilian Aeronaut Who Will Preside Over Paris Races.)

the vessel to this truck, which will be held in position by four men.

On the race days the doors will be swung open and each truck with the airship attached, run out and made to "go the line," so that the vessels will have equal chances of winning. At a given signal the aeronauts will cast off and the fight for the mastery of the air will begin. There will be no crowding, each vessel having plenty of room, so that the chances of a false start will be reduced to a minimum.

It is at these Parisian races that M. Santos-Dumont will compete with M. Lebaudy in the fight for the 100,000-franc prize. M. Lebaudy will sail his famous "Yellow One," a large vessel capable of carrying three people. His opponent, however, intends to try a smaller vessel, and will sail with one assistant only. Both aeronauts are confident of success, and the race is looked forward to as one of the most exciting in the annals of ballooning.

It is not known yet how many airships will take part in these races, but in Paris alone there are at present building, or already built, no fewer than 14 first-class vessels. M. Dumont is now booking entries from all parts of Europe, and he confidently expects that the number of dirigible balloons competing will amount to something not far short of 40.

Among those vessels already entered for the races are the Rose, the biggest airship in the world; La Ville de Paris, a vessel similar in construction and shape to those built by M. Dumont; the famous Firmin Boussou "bottle-shaped" balloon; the General Tour, built by the son of the well known soldier; and the National.

M. Santos-Dumont is also busy superintending the building of what will be the biggest airship in the world, bigger even than the Rose. It is furnished with four wicker baskets, each of which will hold three persons. There are to be three decks, and for stability it will not have its equal in the air. At least, that is what the inventor claims for it. The supposition that M. Santos-Dumont would have found some difficulty in persuading a dozen people to trust their lives in the new ship would be but natural, but such is the craving for excitement in these days that he has already received the names of over a hundred volunteers who desire to make the first trip in this monster balloon.

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Cut Out for the Navy.

A sailor belonging to one of his majesty's ships returned home rather unexpectedly.

"Why, what's up, Jack?" asked his old father when he saw him.

"Had to put back; too rough, dad," said the son, jocularly.

"Too rough? Well, that's yer modern navy, is it, with yer quick-firers and torpedo-catchers! Too rough, eh? Why, Jack, me boy, I 'members when I was in the old Grampus we was in a gale, and it did blow! Well, it blowed so hard, the skipper gave orders to cut away the mast, and no sooner did the carpenter appear on deck than the wind blowed the teeth clean out of his jaw."

"That's nothing," said Jack. "Yesterday the wind happened to veer round and caught our guns on end, and it blowed the breeches clean out of all of 'em."

"Jack, me boy," answered the old man, "give us yer 'and; ye was cut out for the navy, I see, and I'm right proud of ye!"—London Tit-Bits.

Adventures of a Gunboat.

A curious and interesting bit of naval history ends with the sale of the old United States gunboat Monocacy, on the Asiatic station. The vessel, a side-wheel "double-ender," was sent to eastern waters in 1865 because of her light draft. With her four big smoothbore and two rifled muzzle-loaders she did great service in the war on Korean pirates in 1871. The next year she stuck fast in the mud of the Yangtze river, and remained there 23 years. Then, in 1900, during the Boxer outbreak, she was hauled out and refitted, and although an object of amusement to foreign naval officers, again proved her worth; for her light draft enabled her to do work impossible to the foreign fleet. Monocacy is a title which should not be forgotten. It ought to descend to a son, or rather, let us say, to a daughter, since the Salvo law does not apply in the navy.—Youth's Companion.

Honest But Tactful.

In a little New Hampshire town there is a fruit store the presiding genius of which has a gift of tactful and politic speech which would grace a court.

"Have you any good oranges this morning?" asked a customer. "Are these juicy?"

"Well, ma'am, as to that I couldn't say certainly," replied the little woman, with an engaging smile. "They're juicier than some, I know, but I make no doubt they'll bear a little squeezing before you have the best of them."

"And these apples," said the customer, "now are these sweet, Mrs. Molloy?"

"Well, now, when you're speaking of those apples, ma'am," said the proprietress of the store, with another disarming smile, "they're what I should call just enough sweet to be a pleasant art, ma'am."—Youth's Companion.

Nations That Eat Most.

Among modern nations the greatest eaters are the English, Germans, French and Americans—the ruling people of our civilization. The diet of the Spaniards and the Italians is notably less substantial than that of the English and Germans, just as the Americans are, on the average, the greatest eaters in the world. Said Carlisle to Emerson: "The best thing I know of that country is, that in it a man can have meat for his labor."—Boston Journal.

A Gentle Hint.

He had taken the curtain lecture meekly, but at the conclusion he remarked, casually:

"Now, there's the case of that woman who was accidentally pushed under water while she was in bathing."

"What of her?" his wife demanded.

"Why, if she had learned to keep her mouth shut," he answered, brutally, "she wouldn't have drowned before help reached her."—Chicago Post.

First Needle in England.

The first needle used in England was made in Queen Mary's reign by a negro, who unfortunately died before imparting the secret to any one. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the art of needle making was rediscovered by a German, who imparted it to an Englishman.—Home Notes.

Fully Confirmed.

Bragsby—I tell you I'm overworking. I am turning out an awful lot of work just now.

Nocker—That's just exactly the word your employer used in describing your present work.—Baltimore American.

Real Starvation Wages.

In Galicia, Austria, Poland, the farm hands are starving on a pittance of from three to 16 cents a day. It is not wonderful that some of them have given up farming and are striving to make a living as bandits.

Sports in Lancashire.

Among the items on a programme which has just been found of some Lancashire "sports" held in 1819 were "bull-baiting," "apple-dumpling-eating" and a "ladies and gentlemen's smoking match."—Chicago Chronicle.

Abode of Eolus.

From the Lipari islands of mythology, the abode of Eolus, the ruler of the winds, and the scene of his meeting with Ulysses, to the Lipari island of to-day, is a very far cry indeed. There are no hotels, and the islands are almost unknown to tourists, while the 13,000 inhabitants are almost in a state of primitive and patriarchal simplicity. They tender their services voluntarily as guides and refuse payment, regarding all visitors as their guests. The donkey is the only means of locomotion. Horses are unknown in the islands.—London Mail.

DON'TS FOR THE EYES.

Don't use the eyes before breakfast. Don't read in a reclining attitude, or in bed.

Don't use the eyes when they are tired or weak from illness.

Don't bathe eyes that are inflamed with cold water. Use warm water.

Don't wear a veil with black dots, or one woven with double threads.

Don't open the eyes under water when bathing, especially in salt water.

Don't neglect to bathe the eyes occasionally in salt water. A weak solution is best.

Don't look too steadily from a car window at objects that are constantly flying past you.

Don't sleep opposite a window, or where a strong light will strike the eyes on awakening.

Don't work longer than two hours without closing the eyes and resting them for five minutes.

Don't expose the eyes to a strong light at any time, such as sunshine or gas or lamp light.

Don't sit facing a strong light. If possible, let the light fall on the work or book from over the shoulder.

Don't have colored shades on the lamps. Use white or ground glass. If you must have a colored shade, let it be green.

Don't rub the eyes by outward motion, but toward the nose, which rounds the ball and preserves the normal shape.

Don't fail to consult an oculist if you find that your eyesight is growing dim, or hesitate to wear glasses, if you need them.

Don't try to get cinders out of your eyes by rubbing. Dip a tiny camel-hair brush in oil and draw gently across the eyeball.

Don't fail to wash the eyes every night before retiring, so as to remove any dust that may have gathered on the lids during the day.

Don't give up in despair when told that a cataract is forming. In these days of advanced surgery it can be removed with little or no danger to the vision.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SPARKS AND FLASHES.

Incandescent bulbs are supplied to Spain at 6 cents each, delivered by German manufacturers.

M. Batelli, of Geneva, by combining massage with electricity, has revived dead dogs and kept them alive for as much as 24 hours.

For suburban service, where great pull at starting is needed, the weight of the locomotive is now concentrated on the smaller drivers.

The trolley car is not drawn or pushed by the electric current at all, but is lifted again and again by the attraction of magnets for the armature coils of the motor.

Waller has studied the electrical reactions in living matter which do not occur in dead matter. The time in which there is evidence of life in eggs in an incubator, artificial or natural, is 24 to 62 hours.

A device has recently been perfected to break the ice on the third rail of electric railways, consisting of a polygonal wheel with angular or wedge-shaped faces in the tread, which cracks or breaks the ice or sleet on the rail in advance of the brush.

There was a nearly even number of electrical and gasoline motors in the National German automobile exposition just closed in Berlin. With scarcely an exception the vehicles carried the motor in front, high above the axle. A new feature was rubber tires with steel soles.

China's War Debt.

At the beginning of China's late war with Japan the Chinese government applied the screws and made a loan of wealthy merchants. After the first year interest was paid on this loan; then it ceased and now the lenders have been asked to accept mandarin buttons, peacock feathers and other decorations in exchange for the obligations.—N. Y. Post.

To Exterminate Mice.

Stop up the mouse holes with corks dipped into carbolic acid and scrub the floor and shelves with diluted carbolic acid in the proportion of a tablespoonful to a bucket of water, which should be hot. The acid should be stirred well into the water so that it may mix thoroughly. Carbolic acid is a powerful corrosive and great care should be taken in handling it.—American Queen.

Pretty Near Right.

Tommy—Pop, what is hero worship?

Tommy's Pop—Hero worship, my son, is the admiration we feel for great people until we get to know them intimately.—Philadelphia Record.

Wages in England.

Of the 41,000,000 people in England more than half of them live on an income of less than \$12 a week, and the earnings of 7,000,000 of this number do not exceed \$6 a week for the family.—N. Y. Sun.

Knowing Old Bachelors.

Newlywed—What do bachelors know about women?

Oldbachelor—Lots; otherwise they wouldn't be bachelors.—Philadelphia Record.

Marriage Statistics.

Marriages average 3,000 a day in the whole world. Of 1,000 men who marry, 332 marry younger women, 570 marry women of the same age, and 98 older women.—Indianapolis News.

Echo Answered.

Gilson—As a public speaker how does Watkins rank?

Wilson—Rank!—Somerville Journal.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Florence Haywood, of St. Louis, has been commissioned to select talented women of England and the continent of Europe to represent their countries at the St. Louis exposition.

An Old Woman's Home association has just been organized in Jackson, Miss., with Mrs. Marian B. Logino, wife of the governor, as president. One of the ladies interested in it somewhat quaintly said that they were going to push the movement until Mississippi has a nice, comfortable home for her old and indigent women, who cannot afford to go to a poorhouse.

In France there are 15,319 women employed as gatekeepers at the railroad crossings. They get very small pay, but the railroads provide each one with a house and a small garden patch rent free. The women work every day in the year. They may not leave their posts for a day off, even on Sundays and holidays, and their working days are from 15 to 18 hours long.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor is believed to own the most costly ring in America. It was made in Paris and has three large emeralds surrounded by diamonds. The entire circle is encrusted with tiny diamonds and the emeralds are declared to be as nearly perfect as any ever seen in Amsterdam. A flawless emerald is the rarest of gems. The ring is valued at \$10,000 by experts.

Mrs. Laura J. Hosier, of Anderson, Ind., has an odd suit on her hands. She gave her brother, George W. Overshiner, a remedy to cure him of the liquor habit. The remedy proved effective. Mr. Overshiner declares that he did not wish to be cured of the drink habit, was not aware that the cure was being administered to him, and has sued his sister for \$5,000 for destroying his thirst.

CHURCH NOTES.

But one person in 80 of the workers of London goes to church.

Stefanaki Musurus Bey, the new Turkish ambassador in London, is a Christian.

One hundred and forty-four cardinals have died since Leo XIII. became pope.

It is reported that there are at work 456 more foreign missionaries this year than ever before.

Swearing on the Trinity.

Probably the most curious European oath is administered in Norway. The witness raises his thumb, his forefinger, and his middle finger. These signify the Trinity, while the larger of the uplifted fingers is supposed to represent the soul of the witness and the smaller to indicate his body.

Method in Her Madness.

"What on earth do you mean," her mother asked, "by urging your husband to get one of those outrageously high-priced Panama hats? Are you crazy to encourage such extravagance?"

"I shall want some more hats from time to time myself, mamma dear," the sweet young woman replied, "and he has always kicked so at the price I pay."

"My darling! You always was such a head for lookin' ahead. Let me kiss you."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Strained Position.

The fellow who wants to hold office in quiet is a dilemma is found—He can't keep his nose to the grindstone and also his ear to the ground.—M. Y. Times.

An Awful Jolt.

Said she: "I wonder why blondes are always anxious to be wedded?"

Said he: "I guess it is because they're naturally light-headed."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.



Boy—I thought you said your hotel was just around the corner.

Mr. Meanman—So it is. I didn't say which corner, did I?—N. Y. Sun.

Royal Road to Learning.

Jaggles—Has old Kockey picked out the college he's going to give all his money to?

Waggles—No. They offered to confer an A. M. upon him, but he is holding out for an LL. D.—Puck.

A Non-Combatant.

"What is your position in the choir?" asked the new church member.

"Absolutely neutral," replied the mild tenor. "I don't side with either faction."—Philadelphia Press.

And Going.

"Did you hear mother sing 'Home, sweet home' at the musicale?"

"Yes; and it was very effective. Everybody began thinking of home at once."—Judge.

One Definition.

"What is success?"

"Success is the art of making such an impression that in time people will pay you for just looking wise."—Chicago Post.

Three Causes of Happiness.

"Congratulate me, old chap; I'm the happiest man on earth to-day."

"Engaged, married or divorced?"—N. Y. Life.

A Miraculous Vault.

The most interesting place of pilgrimage in Dublin is St. Michan's church, where the organ is still to be seen upon which Handel is said to have composed his "Messiah." In the graveyard is the last resting place of Robert Emmet, and the vault at St. Michan's provides a more gruesome thrill than the morgue. The sexton lifts an iron door and descends a few rude steps carrying a light, without which the place would be pitch dark. You follow and find yourself in a narrow passage, from which cell-like recesses belonging to different families branch off. Whether it is owing to the extreme dryness of the surroundings or to some mysterious property of the place the process of decay has been arrested, and the features of persons dead for two centuries may be recognized from authentic portraits. Here lie the brothers Sheares, who were executed for their share in the united Irish conspiracy, side by side almost with the earl of Leitrim, who was murdered about 30 years ago. The earl's ancestors for hundreds of years back rest in the same vault. Perhaps the strongest thing about the vault is the fact that, apart from the weird sensation, there is nothing offensive in the surroundings.—London Tatler.

Science Against Gambling.

The republication in English of the famous essay of the great French mathematician, Laplace, on the theory of probabilities serves to recall the harm that has resulted from a lack of general information on this subject. The confirmed gambler and the reckless speculator do not know how continually they fly in the face of the teachings of science. A recent reviewer remarks: "If in a game of even chances red turns up 20 times in succession, it is still an even chance whether red or black turns up on the twenty-first time; but no amount of mathematical reasoning will enable the gambler to realize that a previous run of bad luck gives no grounds for the expectation of recovering his losses by a run of good luck in the future." It was partly to combat the superstitions of gamblers and others that Laplace wrote his essay.—Youth's Companion.

Might Do That Much.

"I am afraid, Bobby," said his mother, "that when I tell your father what a naughty boy you've been he will punish you severely."

"Have you got to tell him?" asked Bobby, earnestly.

"O, yes; I shall tell him immediately after dinner."

"Well, mother," said he, "give him a better dinner than usual. You might do that much for me."—Stray Stories.

As to Sex.

Towne—I see there's a western scientist who declares that the insect which says "Katie did" is the male, and the one that says "Katie didn't" is the female.

Henpeck—That's all nonsense, because you'll notice the one that says "Katie did" frequently had the last word. I'll bet they're both females.—Philadelphia Press.

An Unfortunate Remark.

One pleasant day last fall, so the story goes, Prof. Hadley, of Yale, was strolling through the beautiful campus of Dartmouth college with his wife on his arm. They were admiring the beautiful buildings which dot the campus, several of them having been erected by wealthy alumni. Presently they came to an especially noble hall, built of stone, and occupying a commanding site. Over the main entrance was a marble tablet which announced that the hall had been erected by "John C. Blank as a memorial to his Beloved Wife."

President Hadley stood and looked at the noble pile for a moment. Then he heaved a sigh that was almost envious.

"Ah," he said, "that is what I should like to do for my college."

And to this day, the boys declare, President Hadley cannot understand why his wife should have looked so horrified.—St. Louis Mirror.

Plague Spread by Rats.

The bubonic plague has become so alarming in Sydney, N. S. W., that the city authorities regularly employ five men to visit the residences and catch rats. The average number of rats trapped by each man is 25 a week. It is believed that the rodents spread the disease by roaming from house to house.

Reformed.

Mrs. Mahoolo—Shure, thot "Uncle Tom's Cabin" made a good boy out av me Micky.

Mrs. O'Toole—O'm glad to hear thot.

"Yes, it gave him a tinner heart. Phoy, wud yez blave ut, whin he cum out av th' gallery he troid to murder six kids that laffed whin 'Little Eva' doited."—Chicago Daily News.

Didn't Take Away His Appetite.

Damocles continued to eat heartily. "That suspended sword doesn't seem to affect your appetite," observed Dionysius.

"No," replied his guest; "it's nothing to having a board bill hanging over you."

Tucking his napkin under his chin he attacked the hash with renewed zest.—N. Y. Tribune.

Her Balance of Trade.

"I suppose, dear," said Mrs. Greene to her husband, "if these saloon keepers raise prices on account of the increased liquor tax you men will get even by taking smaller drinks."

Mrs. Greene looked at her suspiciously, but made no immediate reply.—Judge.

Science Guards Antiquity.

In consequence of the construction of the great Assuan dam on the Nile, 600 miles above Cairo, the famous temples on the island of Philae are partially submerged when the reservoir is full of water. But the civilized world would not willingly see these magnificent relics of antiquity destroyed, and accordingly an elaborate system of underpinning the buildings was adopted. Some of the colonnades and temples were found to be resting on fractured stone beams, broken by subsidence of the soil. Heavy steel girders, inclosed with rubble masonry and mortar, which protect them from corrosion, were placed under the broken foundations, and the masonry was carried down to bed rock beneath. The work was done in the face of considerable danger, but without accident.—Youth's Companion.

Most Deadly Disease.

Pneumonia (lung fever) having become of late years the most deadly disease at all ages, general intelligence in regard to its cause and what may be done to avoid it is desirable. The disease depends upon a specific vegetable organism, which, being at all times present in thickly populated districts, grows rapidly in the air passages of the individual if his vitality is suddenly depressed. In these particulars the bacillus of pneumonia resembles that of consumption, but its multiplication is much more rapid and the poisoning from its excretions much more acute. The danger of pneumonia may be lessened by keeping the air passages clear of mucus, by avoiding chill and fatigue, by good ventilation and absence from crowded and overheated rooms.—Medical Journal.

Parson's Joke.

"De older er man gits," says the colored parson, "de habder it am ter pull de wool ober his eyes."

"How does yo' all account foh dat, parson?" asked Deacon Flatfoot.

"Ah accounts foh it on de groun' dat de older er man gits de less wool he have," answered the parson with a grin that would have frightened a chicken out of its wits.—Chicago Daily News.

The Head Was Hers.

"Yes, he proposed," Miss Passay continued, blushing, "and when papa came into the room he found me in Mr. Huggins' arms."

"Ah, now I see," exclaimed Miss Speltz. "I wondered what your father meant to-day when I heard him telling my father that Mr. Huggins had an old head on young shoulders."—Philadelphia Press.

Not Enough to Worry About.

"One kiss," he said, with an effort, when Miss Brunet, the homely heiress, accepted him.

"Oh!" she giggled, "I hate to kiss a man with a mustache."

"Nonsense!" he replied. "Besides, your mustache isn't very heavy."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Strangers Now.

"I never wear the same dress twice," said the spinster who had more money than beauty.

"And is it true," queried the girl whose face was her fortune, "that you really have a different set of teeth for each day in the week?"—Chicago Daily News.

Where He Lost Out.

Nixon—You are certainly one of fortune's favorites. You have succeeded in everything.

Nixon—Yes, everything except love. Nixon—How's that?

Nixon—The first woman I ever loved gave me the frosty mite, the second slogged with a lightning-rod peddler, but the third proved the worst of all.

Nixon—What did she do?

Nixon—She married me.—Chicago Daily News.

A Very Mean Trick.

Dulhead—Why did you fellows decide to omit wine from your next annual banquet?

Sharpe—So as to make sure of the attendance of the finest after-dinner speakers in the country. We have invited them, and they won't dare stay away.

"Why won't they?"

"Their wives will think that it's because there is no liquor."—N. Y.

It Did It Gladly.

"Well, that lets me out," grinned the hobo, pointing to the open gate.—Connell Widow.

No New Fan Left.

The Sunday-school teacher had brought in a new pupil from the street, and she was as proud of him as a hen of a new chick. When the superintendent came around she boasted of the lad's intelligence and of how he seemed to comprehend many things by intuition.

"Now," said she, "I'm certain he never has heard the expression, 'original sin,' but I'm sure he can give a good definition of it. I'll try him. Jimmy, what is original sin?"

"Please, ma'am," replied Jimmy, shaking his head sadly, "there ain't no such a thing no more. Everything that a feller can have fun at's been done."—N. Y. Times.

What It Meant.

"And now," asked the teacher of a Sunday school class in a Maryland avenue church, "what does the lesson mean when it says 'if your children ask bread, will ye give them a stone?'"

"Wy-wy-wy—" excitedly began a bashful and stammering youth in the middle seat.

"Yes, yes," encouraged the teacher. "You may go on and tell it, George."

"Wy-wy-wy; it means that s'posed s'posed th' little boy asked his mamma for some ham and eggs or something good an' she—gived him some breadkuss food."—Baltimore American.

BATTLE WITH MOSQUITO.

New Jersey Judge Fights Bitter Duel Which Is Without a Peer in History of Chivalry.

Loud war cries and much shedding of blood marked the battle between Recorder Jacob G. Post, of Bloomfield, N. J., and a monster mosquito of the Orange Mountain species. The recorder had held court all day and he slept like a log until shortly after midnight. Then he was awakened by a loud, strident, insistent yell of: "Him-m-m-m-m!"

So vicious was the slogan, so significant of a raging blood thirst, that the recorder trembled as he awoke, struck a light and began to search for an intruder. He found no one. Then he thought that perhaps some passing late drinker had amused himself by blowing one of the fiendish revolving bicycle whistles. He looked out of the window, but saw no one in the street. As he turned



A FIERCE WINGED MONSTER.

toward his bed a fierce, winged monster with a long bill like the blade of a swordfish flew at him. It was a robust Orange Mountain petroleum-nourished mosquito, mighty of wing and of a most atrocious disposition.

The recorder smashed at the monster with a heavy cane and missed him. With a yell of delight the thing darted at him again. Once more the recorder made a mighty lunge at his assailant, but again he missed. The bird of prey retreated to a shadowy corner of the room and got ready for another attack. Evidently he was up on baseball tactics, for as the recorder swung a high blow that would have batted him away far beyond Hoboken the creature swooped downward and planted his bill in one of the smaller arteries of the calf of the recorder's right

The Bee.

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Race War?

We do not wish to be understood as tolerating, excusing in any way compromising with crime and lawlessness. In any form, it is an expression of the brute, the brigand, the tyrant. It signifies what is lowest and meanest in human nature and should be discouraged, combated and stamped out by every legal and just means known to civilized society.

But the Evansville affair emphasizes some very important facts. In the first place, in order to justify explain the so-called race war, we must first of all geographize. Who are the people who have terrorized Evansville? From what stock do they proceed and what is their history as relates to the colored people? Do they proceed from the Puritanic stock whose ancestry insisted, before they set foot upon a strange soil, that a constitution should be agreed upon which should guarantee equal rights to all concerned, or do they come from that stock which styled itself Cavalier, for the want of a more respectable name, who came to this country to avoid punishment and who were imbued with the spirit of tyranny, selfishness and injustice? For our part, we fearlessly announce that it has been and ever will be from the tyrannically disposed that the colored people may expect the least consideration.

Nor would we refer to this matter, were it not the habit of certain self-appointed superiors to refer to certain tendencies which they say are constant, persistent unadmittable among the colored people. These tendencies are of course the very worst and in no wise calculated to conduce toward good government or dignify American civilization. Of course Evansville is practically Kentucky. The inhabitants of the disgraced Indiana town are essentially Kentuckians of the most Servian type. An ordinary fight in which the injured party is a white man mobilizes into a Race War. And what is this race war? It is merely one vicious colored man, who in the desperation of a desire to escape, kills his would be apprehender. Such scenes can be witnessed in any large town anywhere in the United States, daily, the only difference being that the combatants are all white. As soon as a colored man is the aggressor or the criminal, a Race War immediately ensues.

As before stated, we have no patience with crime or lawlessness of any sort.

We see however, the Italian band of the Cavalier. It is the hand of tyranny, of pride and, unsustained superiority which, fearing that the mask of hypocrisy may be torn off by the band of Truth, seeks to lie and desecrate and to kill, in order to sustain its ill-gotten reputation.

There is no Race War. There never has been one in this country unless we consider seriously the Indian wars, in which by the way the white man has played no more honorable a part than he is now playing in his crusade against the colored people. The movement is of southern origin, stimulated by southern meanness, maintained by southern cowardice and extended by southern diplomacy. The race war is an expression of calculated

villany. The tide is running fast but Providence still guides the destinies of men, notwithstanding the southern white people to the contrary.

Sham Morals.

The attack of Rev. Sterling M. Brown, pastor of Lincoln Memorial Temple Church 11th and R streets northwest, from his pulpit last Sabbath morning on the Metropole club and Stewart's Conservatory of Music Hall was a grave mistake. There are some things that a minister is justifiable in attacking, but a man of Rev. Brown's intelligence to make an unwarrantable attack on two of the best and most promising social institutions in the city will react to his detriment. The Metropole club is a social organization, composed of some of the best educated men in the country and men of high moral standing who established the club for the entertainment of strangers from other states and cities and for the mutual enjoyment of its local members. There is nothing that goes on in the Metropole club that a child cannot witness or a lady of the most cultured taste would not enjoy. Rev. Brown in his pulpit on last Sabbath stated that gambling goes on in this club. There is no more gambling going on in this club than in the several churches of this city, because at every fair one can witness gambling by the wholesale.

There are crowds ten to ones and in front of Rev. Brown's church that cannot be seen around the Metropole club. There is less deception in the Metropole club than there is in the Lincoln Memorial Church and the money that is put in that church by the members of the Metropole club is just the same as other people's money and if reports are true, there will be a falling off in the membership of the club who belong to and attend his church. Stewart's Conservatory of Music Hall is the best hall of its class in the city. It is well conducted and whenever a tainment is given there it closes promptly at 12 o'clock. The crowds are orderly and the most respectable people give socials there. A minister who goes out of his way to attack well conducted institutions cannot have much of the grace of God in his heart.

There are several well conducted and organized clubs in this city among the people and near churches, clubs that are conspicuous for their fine buildings, costly furniture and other attractions too numerous to mention, but you never see ministers or hear them taking their text from any one of these clubs.

There are hundreds of things that Rev. Brown can do that will be more beneficial to the people than burdening his congregation with attacks on clubs. No minister is perfect and if we could see ourselves as others see us we would not be so hasty in making attacks on places that are harmless in the community. Rev. Brown stated further that the club and hall are injurious to his neighbors.

Rev. Brown is not aware that the neighborhood was ruined by a minister before he entered into it. And it is in a better condition today than it has been for many years and the club and hall were there before he, himself, was installed as pastor of Lincoln Memorial Church.

The Bee regards this as sham morals.

A National Fraud.

The Afro-American council that met in Louisville, Ky., July 1st, 2d and 3d, fully demonstrated itself to be a national fraud and an organization that is betraying the manhood of the Negro. This is the organization today that has subordinated its own rights and those of the Negro and has placed men at its head who are toadies and are dancing to the music of demagogues and political tricksters.

The American Negro is warned against this alleged Afro-American council as an organization to subordinate his manhood and deprive him of his political rights. For years this purgative organization

has been sucking the blood out of negroes and have taken from them thousands of dollars under the guise of protecting them in their civil and political rights. The Bee asks what as this council does? What has it accomplished since its organization in this city? What kind of sentiment has it moulded? What constitutional question has it attacked in the courts of the highest resort? Attorney James H. Hayes, of Richmond, Va., has done more and created a more healthy sentiment among the people than all the negro councils combined. The Bee is compelled to say that the editor of the New York Age has at last become the obedient tool of the principal of Tuskegee. The editor of the Atlanta Age has at last lost his power of speech and today is the willing slave of apologetic measures that emanate from the Afro-American council.

An address was issued by the council last week and what was it? An effort was made to advertise Tuskegee and its principal which caused the wildest indignation on the part of the New England delegates where negro suffrage means something and where negro manhood is respected. The negro is in need of a national organization. One whose aim is for the advancement of the oppressed irrespective of color, religious creed or condition. Let this apologist for a council be abolished and let New England make a move to organize a council of the people, by the people and for the people.

When it Does.

From the Indianapolis Recorder.

When the Afro-American Council reaches that stage of usefulness that it subordinates the race's interests and welfare to factional control and bickering, it is high time that it should cease to exist. As long as designing politicians are in control we cannot hope for very much, but we do expect harmony. Objection to Booker T. Washington's picture or to any other race leader's picture is indeed small play for men to indulge in.

Yes, when it reaches that stage of usefulness, it will be when it gets a following. The Afro-American Council has no body or tail. It has a quasi head which amounts to nothing. There is always a row whenever one head gets rotten. Then it needs a new head. It is amusing to read the dispatches from its recent meeting in Louisville. Mr. Fortune is now the subordinate tool of Booker Washington and it is quite evident that you will look for humiliating utterances from the head and the few following it has.

In this city there is no Afro-American Council. The citizens have repudiated it, because they knew it was a still born institution with a deformed head. The Bee is surprised to see such a man as composed the New England delegation mixing up with it. Why should the picture of Washington have been placed upon the stage? Delegate Ferris was right and the person who placed it there was either a fool or a knave. There will never be harmony in an organization where there are men who attempt to thrust a national apologist in their midst.

Let the Afro-American Council which exists only in name be abolished.

There are more apologetics in the country now than ever before.

The next thing for the Negro apologist to do is to lie down and be killed.

The Bee would suggest the propriety of organizing a new Afro-American Council.

There was a lively time at Lincoln Memorial Congregational Church last Sabbath morning.

It is said that Senator Hanna has sold out his business interests and will enter more active in politics.

It is hoped that President Roosevelt will refer the next invitation to Booker Washington to the colored people.

The American people are howling about the treatment of the Jews in Czarist Russia. Strange that they do not see the justice of opposing the rights, lives and liberties of the colored people of this country.

All who are in favor of Booker Washington being governor of the Philippines will send their vote to the editor of the New York Age without delay.

The individual who wanted a sentiment from the congregation on

last Sabbath morning on the Metropole club and Stewart's Conservatory of Music hall soon realized it.

The Manchurian question is exciting commotion among the powers. England has in substance issued an ultimatum to Russia and Japan and is about to go to war. Russia must have an outlet for its trans-continental railroad. The world applauded when the road was projected. It was a grand scheme, a great undertaking. Now, Russia is at fault. Japan has been injured and poor China is not thought of. Strange diplomacy, strange people, strange war.

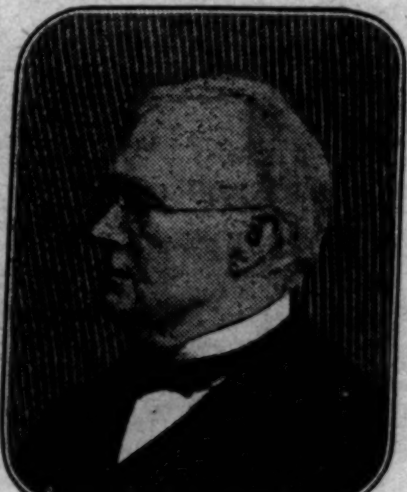
Gen. Harries declined re-appointment and a new man has been appointed. Some thought General Harries too busy to look carefully into our school affairs. We have great confidence in the wisdom, judgment and good feeling of our late custodian and wish him a successful journey. More than all we wish that he would take an especial interest in the colored schools at least sufficient to know that they exist in some form. Moreover, we long for some white trustee who will do what he or she can to reduce the schools to smooth running order and help our colored trustees.

PURPOSE OF EDUCATION.

Senator Hoar Declares Character to Be the Grand Final Purpose of All Scholarship.

A feature of the recent commencement exercises of the University of Iowa was an address by United States Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, who said, in part:

"The fate of the nation depends in the last resort on individual character. Everything in human government, like everything in individual conduct, depends in the end upon the sense of duty. Whatever safeguards may be established, however complicated or well adjusted the mechanism, you come to a place somewhere where



HON. GEORGE F. HOAR.
(United States Senator, Philanthropist and Man of Affairs.)

safety depends upon somebody having the will to do right when it is in his power and may seem to his interest to do wrong.

"When the people were considering the adoption of the constitution of the United States, one of our wisest statesmen said that the real and only security for a republic is when the rulers have the same interest as the people. If they have not, constitutional restraints will break down somewhere, except for the sense of duty of the rulers."

"All elections depend upon this principle. You may multiply election officers and returning boards, you may provide for an appeal to court of first resort or last resort. But in the end you must somewhere come to a point where the sense of public duty is stronger than party spirit, or your election is but a sort of fighting, or if not that, a sort of cheating."

"The same thing is true of the individual voter, or of the legislator who is to elect the senator, or the governor who is to appoint the judge, or the executive officer or the judge who is to interpret the constitution or the statute and decide the cause, or the juror who is to find the fact. On these men depend the safety and the permanence of the republic. On these men depend life, liberty and property."

"And yet each of them has to make that choice. Each has to decide whether he will be influenced by ambition or by party spirit or the desire for popular favor or the fear of popular disfavor or the love of money, on the one side, or by the sense of duty on the other."

"The great single purpose of moral education must be to induce the will to adhere to its general, permanent and deliberately conceived purpose, in spite of the motives which appeal to it with special strength at the time of the choice of action. In other words, it is to give strength to resolution which will overcome the strength of temptation."

"To teach this to the youth of the republic is the great duty of the university. The final purpose of all scholarship, as of all life, is character."

Has Had Eleven Brides.

Marriage is a frequent occurrence with Fritz Kottmann, of Greiglingen, Germany. He has led eleven brides to the altar. His first three wives died young; the next two were drowned; one committed suicide, three died in succession, the tenth was gored to death by a bull, and he has recently married the eleventh, who had a leg cut off by a railway train last year, so that the wedding had to be postponed till now.

CHICAGO DERBY WINNER.

The Picket, Hitherto Unsuccessful Kentucky Horse, Wins Fortune for Its Owner.

The Picket, a horse that never before flashed first past the post, won the American Derby at Chicago on June 30. He set the pace every step of the distance, was never challenged and won in a gallop by six lengths. He ran the Derby distance, one and a half miles, faster than it was ever run before in the race.

His time was 2:33. Claude, the winner of three derbies, was second. Bernays, the Cincinnati candidate, was third.

It was a race without the thrill of an exciting finish. The crowd of 70,000



HEAD OF THE PICKET.
(Kentucky Colt Which Just Won Over \$20,000 for Its Owners.)

people which witnessed the sixteenth running of the event saw a contest that was decided when the field turned into the stretch. In front of a struggling field The Picket ran so easily and truly as to leave no doubt where he would finish. The roar of cheers which greeted the successful horse began when The Picket was more than an eighth of a mile from the wire.

The Derby was a record-breaking turf event in more than the fast time that was made. Nineteen horses went to the post, the largest crowd that ever gathered on a western race track covered the Washington Park grounds. The race was worth \$32,275 gross value, the richest in the history of the race, with one exception. Betting on the result began in March and continued until the horses went to the post. More money, it is asserted, was wagered on the Derby than on any other race ever run in America.

Jockey Arthur Helgesen, who rode The Picket to victory, was 17 years old last September. He was born at Manistee, Mich., in 1885, but most of his life has been spent in Chicago. His father lives at 175 North Humboldt street, Chicago.

BARD FOR SECOND PLACE.

California Senator Is Being Boomed by Western Republicans for Vice Presidential Honors.

The vice presidential boom of Senator Thomas Robert Bard, of California, is now well defined. He has many friends in the west who will push his claims for second place on the republican ticket. Mr. Bard is the junior senator from the Golden state. He was born in Chambersburg, Pa., December 8, 1841.

His ancestors, who were among the earliest settlers in that part of the Cumberland valley in which Cham-



HON. THOMAS R. BARD.
(California Senator Who Would Like to Be Vice President.)

bersburg is situated, were Scotch-Irish.

Mr. Bard received a common-school education, and graduated at the Chambersburg academy in 1858. Before completing his study of law he engaged in railroad engineering in Hagerstown, Maryland, but he had a yearning for the Pacific coast, and in 1864 he located in California, and has since resided in Ventura county, in that state, where he has engaged in wharving, warehousing, banking, petroleum, mining, sheep grazing and dealing in real estate, and from all these various industries he has accumulated abundant wealth and won for himself a high position socially and politically.

Mr. Bard had the honor in the presidential election of 1892 of being the only successful republican elector for California. He took the oath of office as United States senator on March 5, 1900. His term of office will expire on March 3, 1905.

Andy Johnson's Tailor Shop. The little shop in which President Andrew Johnson lived at Greenville, Tenn., and followed his trade, is yet in existence, and his old sign may still be seen over the door. "A. Johnson, Tailor." Some of the villagers take pride in showing receipted bills from the famous tailor for making or repairing garments.

BIG BILL FOR KISSES.

Miss Pettit Is Awarded \$3,000 for 1,236 of Them.

Methodical Woman Who Kept a Diary Has Facts and Figures Covering a Courtship of Over Fourteen Years.

One of the most sensational trials ever held in the foothill section of the Adirondacks was that which recently came before Supreme Court Justice John M. Kellogg and a jury in Ballston Spa, N. Y., the shire town of Saratoga county. It consumed comparatively little time, but it was fast and furious from first to last, and has become celebrated as "the Galway kissing case," a distinction that will endure for some time to come.

The principals in the case were prominent residents of the town of Galway, a picturesque mountainous section 15 miles from the cosmopolitan summer resort, Saratoga. The township of Galway enjoys the isolation of not having a steam or trolley road within its cottage-studded borders, while telegraph and telephone facilities are looked upon as luxuries not to be indulged in.

The Galway people knew that for fourteen years Mr. Tittlemore had been the "steady company" of Miss Pettit, who for nine years had occupied a cottage owned by her admirer. They had closely seen Miss Pettit develop from a prepossessing young girl to a commanding looking woman of 35 years, and they frequently observed that she looked much younger than many a decade her junior.

As one season merged with another, and up to less than a year ago, they made mental note of the inseparable companionship of Miss Pettit and Mr. Tittlemore, and it was generally believed that nothing but the scythe of Father Time could separate them.

Mr. Tittlemore, who is in comfortable circumstances, is the only man in Gal-



"I HAVE COUNTER CLAIMS."

way who owns an automobile, and he was almost daily accompanied by Miss Pettit as he scoured over and around the hills with his horseless vehicle.

But one day last October Miss Pettit had her jealousy aroused when she learned that her admirer of fourteen years was dividing his attention with a younger woman of more comely presence. She promptly sought out Mr. Tittlemore and called him to account.

Mr. Tittlemore soon after allowed it to be understood that the friendship between himself and Miss Pettit had become strained and that he proposed to have her vacate his cottage. The initiatory measure instituted by him was to demand rent for the nine years she had occupied his cottage.

With flashing eyes and flushed cheeks she informed Landlord Tittlemore that she had counter claims that would more than offset his "unjust and exorbitant claim." He smiled derisively, but that did not help his case. Then he sought the medium of the law, but he gained no consolation through that contention agency.

It appears that Miss Pettit had, through all the long years of courtship, faithfully kept a full and complete record of the kisses she had bestowed on her fiancé, as well as of the Sunday dinners he had eaten in her house. Considering herself injured to the extent of \$5,000, Miss Pettit then instituted an action for breach of promise, but while the juryman rendered a verdict in her favor, they reduced the figures to \$3,000.

When the plaintiff took the witness stand she produced the diary record, which she frequently referred to and quoted from in answering interrogatories of counsel.

"I always keep a record of everything," she said. "And then, you know, I always know what I am talking about."

Miss Pettit, referring to her data, found that Mr. Tittlemore had kissed her on 1,236 occasions during the fourteen years of their courtship.

The juryman did not consume much time in finding a judgment favorable to Miss Pettit, and it was a shock to Mr. Tittlemore, who never dreamed of being defeated in "the kissing case."

Mr. Tittlemore's counsel, Lawyer Sanders of Amsterdam, has carried the case up to the appellate division of the supreme court, where it will be argued in September next.

What effect the 1,236 kisses will have upon the justices of the higher court remains to be seen. But autumn is not so far away.

Camel's Flesh Is Tender.

Some of the Parisian restaurants serve camel's flesh. The meat tastes like beef, though white like veal. The hump is considered a great delicacy by the Arabs.

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according to the forms of the church of England; but it is said that not more than four or five members of the house of commons regularly attended church. The universal prevalence of political corruption during the ministry of Walpole is proverbial. During the reign of Anne, the urbane satire of Steele and Addison had done something to bring into fashion a decent social morality and at least an outward respect for religion; but despite these influences, what called itself fashionable society grew steadily more lax in morals and negligent in manners. All the loud, ostentatious vices that accompany a rapid increase in wealth had probably never been so prevalent in English society as during the reign of the second George.

FAMOUS IRISH LEADER.

Thomas Power O'Connor Shapes Policy of His Compatriots in the British Parliament.

Thomas Power O'Connor, president of the Irish National League, is the noted Irish statesman, journalist and



author who has sat in parliament for the Scotland division of Liverpool since 1885. Mr. O'Connor, who is so familiarly and so affectionately known as "Tay Pay," is 53. At 18 he was a B. A. and senior scholar in history and modern languages at Queen's college, Galway. Mr. O'Connor went to London in 1870. He was the first editor of the London Star, the London Sun and the London Weekly Sun.



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for Jamaica, B. I., where she will remain until September.

Miss Marie James left the city for the east last Monday evening. She will be gone until September.

Mrs. Lena Payne and little son Leon will leave Monday for Midland, Md., to remain until September.

Mrs. D. McCa, y and children left the city Tuesday morning for Omaha, Nebraska to join her husband.

Miss Estelle Hawkins entertained a few friends last Saturday evening at her residence, 1345 B St., N. E.

Rev. J. W. Carr, D. D. Pastor of the 1st Baptist Church of Savannah, Ga., membership 5000 the largest colored church in the United States will preach a special sermon Wed. eve. July 13th at the 10th Baptist Church, cor. 10th and R sts., N. W., Rev. S. L. Lampkins, pastor. Rev. M. V. Morris of Ohio has been conducting a series of meetings at 10th st. this week.

GLIMPSE OF WESLEY.

He Was a Religious Man in an Irreligious Age.

Time Was Ripe for Enthusiastic Christian Work and Founder of Methodist Church Made Good Use of It.

John Wesley, founder of the Methodist church, was born June 28, 1703, in the rectory of the parish of Epworth, Lincolnshire, England. The two hundredth anniversary of his birth has just been celebrated by the church he founded, and for this reason the following estimate of his character, contained in an article in the Century Magazine, from the pen of C. T. Winchester, is of more than ordinary interest to thoughtful observers of religious conditions and sectarian progress.

John Wesley, says Mr. Winchester, was a religious man in an irreligious age. The religious man is the man filled with a sense of the presence of God and of the force of spiritual laws here and now. That, and only that, makes a truly religious man in any age and in any country. The form of the experience may vary; indeed, it may hardly be recognized as religious experience at all. Thomas Carlyle, for example, was a religious man; whether he was exactly a Christian or not may be a question. And when it is said that the age of Wesley was irreligious, it is not meant merely that intemperance, lawlessness, blasphemy, political corruption ran riot in society. That is true; but these flagrant sins may be found in any age, and the historian of morals is perhaps prone to exaggerate them. Certainly, all through the eighteenth century there were a score of dearies and hundreds of rectories that were the abodes of a decent, sincere and comely churchmanship. But the good men of this time, the sincere men, were not in the true sense religious. Bishop Burnet, for example, Addison, Swift, were good men, but not in the sense religious men.

The orthodox churchmanship of England when Wesley began his preaching needed nothing so much as that intimate personal sense of spiritual verities which it timidly branded as enthusiasm. Its belief was an uncertain balance of probabilities. Its motives were at bottom prudential. It could not speak with authority; it could not touch the deeper springs of action. Such a religion might be discussed, believed, even practiced; to talk of "experiencing" it would be meaningless. Moreover, a religion with so little of the contagious warmth of certainty could make no converts, could have no missionary impulse. "What is your religion, my lord?" some one asked Lord Bolingbroke. "The religion of all sensible men," was the reply. "Yes, but what is that?" "Ah, that is what no sensible man ever tells." The anecdote may be apocryphal; but it illustrates well enough the limited and individual character of the convictions most men then held upon the profoundest subjects. In fact, it is evident that the religion of this time had little influence even upon the lives of most who made an outward profession of it. No man could hold any civil office without taking the sacrament

Mr. Jerome A. Johnson will go on a vacation in August.

Miss Marie James left the city Monday for New York.

Miss Hattie Gillem will leave shortly for Jamaica, L. I.

Dr. Phil. Brooks anticipates taking an eastern trip soon.

Rev. J. Anderson Taylor and wife will go South next month.

Mrs. J. H. Prater will leave the city in a few days for Maryland.

Mrs. Maria Middleton and children are summering in Virginia.

Miss Sarah Jackson of South Washington will visit New York in August.

Misses Fannie C. Chase and Jennie Dowling will visit Abbeville, this summer.

Mrs. John P. Green and daughter will spend the summer in Cleveland, Ohio.

Register J. W. Lyons will visit his wife and children in Augusta, Ga., next week.

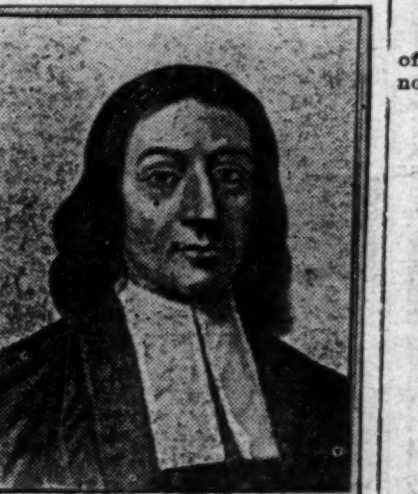
Misses Lula Chase and Emma F. G. Merritt left the city on Monday for Boston, Mass.

Rev. James H. Lee and wife of the 3d Baptist Church will visit the North in August.

Miss Jeannette E. Anderson will leave the city on the 15th for Summit Point, W. Va.

Attorney L. M. King will in the near future become a member of the great army of benedicts

Miss Gertie Clark sailed last week



JOHN WESLEY.
(From an Authentic Picture of the Founder of the Methodist Church.)

cere and comely churchmanship. But the good men of this time, the sincere men, were not in the true sense religious. Bishop Burnet, for example, Addison, Swift, were good men, but not in the sense religious men.

The orthodox churchmanship of England when Wesley began his preaching needed nothing so much as that intimate personal sense of spiritual verities which it timidly branded as enthusiasm. Its belief was an uncertain balance of probabilities. Its motives were at bottom prudential. It could not speak with authority; it could not touch the deeper springs of action. Such a religion might be discussed, believed, even practiced; to talk of "experiencing" it would be meaningless. Moreover, a religion with so little of the contagious warmth of certainty could make no converts, could have no missionary impulse. "What is your religion, my lord?" some one asked Lord Bolingbroke. "The religion of all sensible men," was the reply. "Yes, but what is that?" "Ah, that is what no sensible man ever tells." The anecdote may be apocryphal; but it illustrates well enough the limited and individual character of the convictions most men then held upon the profoundest subjects. In fact, it is evident that the religion of this time had little influence even upon the lives of most who made an outward profession of it. No man could hold any civil office without taking the sacrament

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MASONIC HALL

Special Reduction for the months

JUNE, JULY, AND AUGUST

WILL THIS HELP YOUR SOCIETY OR CHURCH. THE NEW MASONIC TEMPLE HALL.

1111 19th Street Northwest.

This new and handsome hall, modern improvements. Electric lights and fans, Cool and airy. Will accommodate Churches, Sabbath Schools, Societies during the summer months at reduced rates. Rent of Hall from 8 p. m. until 12:30 a. m. for \$7.25. Private parties, suppers, wedding banquets or dances can make special summer contracts by applying

A fred H. T. Walker

Manager 1111 19th St. N. W

THE FIRST VOLUNTEER.

Dr. Charles F. Rand Enlisted Ten Minutes After the Call of President Lincoln.

The first volunteer for the civil war is still living. He is Dr. Charles F. Rand, of Washington, D. C., retired from active practice by reason of troublesome wounds received nearly 40 years ago.

A certificate in the capitol of New York state at Albany attests the priority of Dr. Rand's tender of his services. The certificate is signed by the mayor and two prominent citizens of Batavia, N. Y., also by the county clerk and the sheriff of Genesee county, stating that in less than ten minutes after

New Saloon

1310 Penn. Ave., and E Street N. W

All leading brands of Whiskies. Braddock, Wilson, Old Taylor, Paul Jones, Overholt, Congress Hall formerly 15 cents, will be sold for 10 cents over the counter.

J. H. MONTGOMERY, Proprietor J. 14 t.

Not only was Dr. Rand the first volunteer for the civil war, but he was also the first soldier to win the congressional medal of honor for distinguished gallantry in action. This event occurred at Blackburn's Ford, Va., in less than three months after his enlistment. His command was ordered to retreat, and every man obeyed, save young Rand, at the time but 18 years of age. The rest of his battalion, numbering 500 men, was swept in disorder from the field, but Rand held his ground, notwithstanding the fact that the field was plowed by shot and shell all about him. The enemy finally absolutely refused to fire at the boy standing bravely alone and shooting at them as coolly as if he had a thousand men at his back. Rand then crept across a deep ravine and joined the command of Gen. A. H. Barnum.

Dr. Rand's patriotism and gallantry have been recognized by two governors of the state of New York and by three presidents. He was twice personally honored by President Lincoln. New York remembered him with a gold medal appropriately inscribed, and the United States government has presented him with a plot in the most beautiful part of Arlington cemetery, where, at the proper time, the state of New York will erect a monument worthy of the first man to offer his services as a volunteer during the great strife.



RACER AND RATTLER

Snake with Poison Tooth Left Inside His Opponent.

Exciting Time Between a Big Black Snake and a Venomous "Varmint" as Seen by a Truthful Pennsylvanian.

"Snakes," said a native of the Young Women's Town district of the Pine Creek spread of waters near Leidy, Pa., to a New York Sun correspondent, "is curious critters, an some kind o' snakes, of course, is curiouseer than others."

"Some folks say that one snake won't swallow another one. Maybe it won't, but if I didn't see a big blue racer git away with a rattler wunst about as slick as a gray drake could bolt a sucker, I'll eat your hat! I was over along the creek huntin', and heerd a rattlesnake, off in the scrub bushes, jest more than shakin' music outen his tail. I knowed that somethin' more than common must be goin' on, and I went over to see what it mout be. I discovered a racer more than six foot long which had just begun to take his lunch off of a rattler half his length."

"He had the pizen pedler's head in his mouth, and was workin' the rest of him down into his hold. The rattler snake was witehin' his tail and wigglin' like a skinned eel. I grabbed a stick and punched the racer until he spit the rattler out and the rattler turned and started to get away in the brush. But the blue racer didn't calculate to lose his dinner, not if he could help it. He headed the rattler off every which way he'd turn, till by and by the venomous critter stopped, throwed himself into a coil and showed fight."

"Then there was fun! That blue racer took on as if he was havin' more larks than a passel o' boys in swimmin'. He'd spring over the rattlesnake and stride around him in circles and zigzag across him like flashin' o' lightning. The racer'd edge up to within easy distance o' the rattlesnake and though a rattler strikes about as quick as a gun goes off, that racer'd dodge the fang every time, sometimes passin' under the rattlesnake's head, and sometimes jumpin' clean over it."

"The pizen-toothed varmint's eyes looked like two sparks o' fire and his tongue played in and out of his mouth like a sewin' machine shuttle passin' to and fro. He had struck at the racer maybe a dozen times, the racer doin' the nicest kind o' ground and lofty tumblin' over him all the while, when he raised his head for another ugly dart, and the racer lassoed him as slick as a Mexican could 'a' slid his rope round a wild steer. He had throwed a loop of his limber body round the rattler's neck, and he held the wigglin' fang-shover as if he was in a vise. The rattlesnake's wind was soon shot off, and it wa'n't no use of his tryin' to strike, for the racer had him so's he couldn't turn his head."

"The rattlesnake give up his squirm-in' before long, but he kep' right on soundin' his buttons. Then you ought to see the cuteness o' that blue racer blacksnake! He slid his coil up to the rattler's head and pinned his mouth tight shet. While he held the rattlesnake that way he throwed his own jaws open, and they could 'a' took in a full-sized rabbit, and then shoved the rattler's head in and closed down on it. Then slid'n his coil down the rattler's body he crammed the whole business in after the head."

"The rattles never stopped rattlin' till they disappeared in the blacksnake's maw. In a little more than ten minutes' time that blue racer had pizen enough stowed away inside of him to kill a team o' tannery mules. It didn't kill him, though, nor it wouldn't 'a'. But I flattened his head with a club and took him and his contents home."



HAD JUST BEGUN HIS LUNCH.

When the czar asked for the list of veterans awaiting pension he found that some of them had been in service for 50 years and more. Like the lamp cleaner they had been forgotten.

HAD BEEN FORGOTTEN.

ged Russian Soldier Hails Czar from Lamp Post and Asks for His Discharge.

When Czar Nicholas was promenading in the park of Zarskoe Selo at St. Petersburg recently, he was surprised by a voice over his head. "Your majesty—little father!"

Nicholas looked up and saw a white-haired soldier cleaning a lantern.

"What do you want?" asked the czar.

"I beg to ask whether we old soldiers have to work to the day of our death."

"I forget the regulations, veteran;

"What do you want?" asked the czar.

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Greatest CHANCE To Buy Clothing

NO Ifs nor Ands, no Whys nor Wherefores just one of the biggest Drops in the price of clothing ever known at this season of the year and this is given over to the telling of what we are going to do, rather than why we can do it.

Men's Suits \$5.48

Several Styles of chevrot and cassimere a variety of patterns well made, and perfect in fit in every way a first class Business Suit.

Men's Suits \$8.50

About twenty styles of high grade wool chevrots and worsteds also plain blue and black worth to and \$12.

Men's Suits \$10.00

Made of high grade velour chevrots and worsted perfect in every detail of workmanship, not a suit worth less than \$15.00.

Men's Overcoats \$6.98, \$10.00

Elegant quality Oxford gray, also blue and black kersey. Some are made with raw edges and lapped seams lined with heavy farmers satin and silk velvet collars.

Young Men's Overcoats \$9.98—\$8.50

Oxford gray, Melton, Kersey, will give thorough satisfaction and would sell easily at \$6.00 and \$10.00.

Suits for Young Men from 14 to 19 years. Strictly all wool well made, lined, and styled to choose from.

MEN'S TROUSERS \$2 AND \$2.50

One of the greatest values ever offered, wool chevrot and cassimere trousers in stripes checks and plaids made well and fit well, not a pair worth less than \$3.00 and some worth \$4.00.

Boys' all wool suits \$2.00

Strictly all wool with double breasted jackets taped seams 7 to 15 years not the suit that is usually sold for this price, but a suit that more often sells for \$2.50 and \$3.00.

Boys Overcoats \$2.00---\$2.98

The popular garments for Boys of all ages, this season's newest shades of covert cloth Oxford grays well made and trimmed and properly cut.

An elegant assortment of Boy's Blouse Suits 3 to 10 years in large variety of neat checks plaids and plain blues, every suit is well made lined and trimmed and will give good wear. Not a suit in this lot worth less than \$2.50 during this sale only.

Men's Merino Underwear 29c.

Men's \$2.00 Hats in all the new Styles \$1.39

Every dollar you spend here during this Sale will have the force of two and then if you are in any way dissatisfied with your purchase you money will be refunded for the asking.

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910 Seventh Street, Northwest

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F. G. SWAINE & SON.

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The Feed determines the strength or weakness of Sewing Machines. The Double Feed combined with other strong points makes the New Home the best Sewing Machine to buy.

Write for CIRCULARS showing the different styles of Sewing Machines we manufacture and prices before purchasing.

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Only 10 and 15 cents each—none higher. Ask for them. Sold in nearly every city and town, or by mail from

THE McCALL CO.

115-117 West 31st St., NEW YORK.

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No matter what the matter is, one will do you good, and you can get ten for five cents.

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RAILROADS.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

Leave Washington, from station across New Jersey avenue and C. & O. CHICAGO AND NORTHWEST. *11.00 a. m.

CINCINNATI, ST. LOUIS AND LOUISVILLE. *10.45 a. m., *4.15 p. m., *11.00 night.

PITTSBURG AND CLEVELAND. *11.00 a. m., *4.15 p. m., *11.00 night.

COLUMBUS AND WHEELING. *10.45 a. m., *4.15 p. m., *11.00 night.

WINCHESTER. *10.45 a. m., *4.15 p. m., *11.00 night.

LURAY. *4.15 p. m.

ANNAPOLIS. *7.30, *8.30, *11.25 a. m., *4.15 p. m.

FREDERICK. *10.45 a. m., *4.15 p. m., *11.00 night.

HAGERSTOWN. *10.45 a. m., *4.15 p. m., *11.00 night.

BOYD and way points. *10.45 a. m., *4.15 p. m., *11.00 night.

GAITHERSBURG and way points. *10.45 a. m., *4.15 p. m., *11.00 night.

WASHINGTON JUNCTION and way points. *10.45 a. m., *4.15 p. m., *11.00 night.

BALTIMORE, week days, *10.45 a. m., *4.15 p. m., *11.00 night.

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ANN

HERE'S A LITTLE



Pointer for You

By Miss May Clematis.

Girls should learn how to protect themselves.

Maie. If you act properly you will be protected.

Adicio. Do not allow your male companion to act too free in your company.

Nora. Too much familiarity often results in separation.

Lucinda. You cannot help from succumbing, because you know how to act.

Dina. Do not speak ill of any one who shows that you are either jealous or vicious.

Ella. Flashy dressing betrays your self. It directs vulgar attention to you.

Sy. If you will take the advice of your mother you will hardly go astray.

Tilly. Your dancing school should select. You cannot afford to be careless. Select them if you want to succeed.

M. M. You should remember that a girl must have good qualities if she is to be admired. To succeed in life she must be able to be an up to date woman. You must have more qualities than one. Do not marry if you know nothing about house work.

M. Do not imagine that fine dresses will carry you through the world. They may assist you in getting through, but you should have other qualities.

T. Be truthful by all means, because you will command respect from your associates.

N. T. Nothing is more lovely in a woman than to see her respect herself.

R. H. Long courtships are dangerous and if you will consult observation you will be convinced.

Nella. You cannot hope to be respected if you do not respect yourself. Do not even show too much anxiety in anything. Be slow to come to a conclusion. Always weigh well what you say.

Sadie. It is wrong to dislike one because others do. Be certain that you are convinced of the truthfulness of the statement before you decide. Some girls are very childish and will believe anything that is said to them.

R. O. First be convinced whether you are to be benefited before you decide. It is useless to do an act if it is to your detriment.

Roda. Now that your school days are over, come to a close, put your time to some useful occupation. Work is honorable no matter what kind it is.

L. E. You are going away for the summer. You want to know what is best to do. It is better for you to go to some quiet country place and rest up. You cannot afford to participate in the activities of life if you expect to resume school work in the fall. Your health will not permit you. Take a good rest.

Etta. You may be all you say, but you have a poor way of showing it. You would not do what you do not desire others to do. See the example and then it is not followed you should act.

Do not talk too much.

Be careful what you say about those who know.

Say nothing that you cannot substantiate.

Speaking well of those you do not love will not effect you but help you.

Your sister is a good companion for you. They cannot often agree, it is true.

Do not marry too young and do not carry at all if you cannot better your condition. Marry for better or for worse along to the old generation. New ones call for new and better things.

Do not marry because others do or because for the sake of marrying. The results are bad.

If you are doing well, don't attempt anything else if you cannot improve your situation.

Let your conversation be of a high character, and then you will have no cause to insult any one.

Don't go to saloons and participate in anything that will reflect on your morals.

Girls are talked about because they are careless.

A girl that will suspicion her companion should be careful herself unless she is suspicious.

It is bad to talk about another girl because you don't like her.

Don't imagine that a girl is thinking more of herself than other people think of her because she respects herself.

Don't be so foolish to believe everything a person says to you or tells you. It is best to weigh all that is told to you before you come to a conclusion.

Flattery is the characteristic of a desperate heart and mind.

Be careful and don't allow others to play upon your weakness.

One may speak well of you or to you without deception.

Girls who have articles for this column are requested to send them by Wednesday of each week. The effort of the Editor of this column is to please and not displease, merely to give hints to girls.

TRIED TO ROAST CHILD.

Suburban Father Thrust His Baby Into the Oven of a Red-Hot Cooking Stove.

At Scranton, Pa., says a recent dispatch, Anthony Phillips was arraigned in court on the charge of trying to roast alive his six-month-old child. He was given a hearing on the first two charges because the officers who arrested him could give no testimony as to his condition, but on the charge of cremation he could not be held, as the person who made the accusation, his wife, did not appear in court to prosecute him.

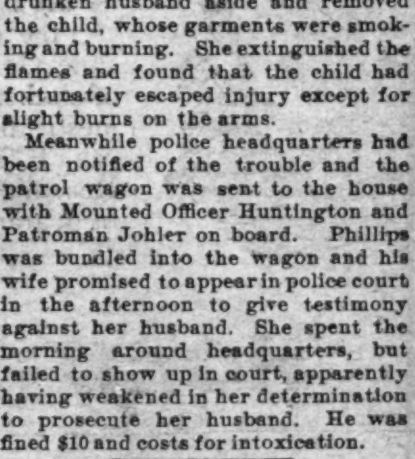
The wife's story, as told to the police, is that the husband came home about



MOTHER SPRANG TO THE STOVE.

noon in an advanced state of intoxication. He demanded his son's wages, and upon his wife refusing to hand over the money she claims that he seized the babe in his arms and thrust it into the oven of the red-hot stove. The mother sprang to the stove, pushed her drunken husband aside and removed the child, whose garments were smoking and burning. She extinguished the flames and found that the child had fortunately escaped injury except for slight burns on the arms.

Meanwhile police headquarters had been notified of the trouble and the patrol wagon was sent to the house with Mounted Officer Huntington and Patrolman Johler on board. Phillips was bundled into the wagon and his wife promised to appear in police court in the afternoon to give testimony against her husband. She spent the morning around headquarters, but failed to show up in court, apparently having weakened in her determination to prosecute her husband. He was fined \$10 and costs for intoxication.



THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

How a Diplomatic Woman Finished a Row She Had Been Having with Her Husband.

The other evening, as a muscular person was passing a house, a lady who stood at the gate called out to him: "Sir, I appeal to you for protection!" "What's the matter?" he asked, as he stopped short.

"There's a man in the house, and he wouldn't go out of doors when I ordered him to."

"He wouldn't, eh? We'll see about that." Thereupon the man gave the woman his coat to hold and sailed into the house. He found a man at the supper-table and took him by the neck and remarked: "Nice style of brute you are!"

Do not talk too much.

Be careful what you say about those who know.

Say nothing that you cannot substantiate.

Speaking well of those you do not love will not effect you but help you.

Your sister is a good companion for you. They cannot often agree, it is true.

Do not marry too young and do not carry at all if you cannot better your condition. Marry for better or for worse along to the old generation. New ones call for new and better things.

Do not marry because others do or because for the sake of marrying. The results are bad.

If you are doing well, don't attempt anything else if you cannot improve your situation.

Let your conversation be of a high character, and then you will have no cause to insult any one.

Don't go to saloons and participate in anything that will reflect on your morals.

Girls are talked about because they are careless.

A girl that will suspicion her companion should be careful herself unless she is suspicious.

It is bad to talk about another girl because you don't like her.

Don't imagine that a girl is thinking more of herself than other people think of her because she respects herself.

Don't be so foolish to believe everything a person says to you or tells you. It is best to weigh all that is told to you before you come to a conclusion.

Flattery is the characteristic of a desperate heart and mind.

Be careful and don't allow others to play upon your weakness.

One may speak well of you or to you without deception.

Girls who have articles for this column are requested to send them by Wednesday of each week. The effort of the Editor of this column is to please and not displease, merely to give hints to girls.

SHAPED HIS DESTINY CUPID'S SLY TRICKS.

Career of Senator Nelson an Inspiration to Young Men.

Poor Norwegian Boy Who Rose from Deepest Obscurity and Now is One of the Great Statesmen of the Hour.

The life of Senator Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, has in it the elements of a purpose novel of twofold intent. The themes, which are closely interwoven, are the powerful influence which the early inspiring of a definite ambition has in shaping a life, and how success is gained despite the most untoward conditions. These points are clearly brought out in a clever little sketch, contributed by Antoinette Van Hoesen to the Cosmopolitan.

A foreign-born American, Knute Nelson came to this country from Norway with his widowed mother when he was less than five years old, and earned his first money selling newspapers upon the streets of Chicago. Later, when he and his mother were settled on a little sandy farm out in Wisconsin, his life was given a definite direction by one Mary Dillon, who taught the district school. Miss Dillon was a cultivated woman who came with her family to this country from Belfast, Ireland, to mend their broken fortunes. She became interested in the little, virile, eager-minded Norwegian boy, and, at stated intervals, invited him to her home. There, for the first time he saw the table-napery in use and a tea-table ornamented with flowers. On one of these occasions, in talking with him of the famous personages of history, Miss Dillon said:

"You, too, may become a distinguished man, Knute. You're a good mind, and all you have to do is to be industrious and persevering. You can't be president, for you were not born in



HON. KNUTE NELSON.
(Statesman Who Succeeded Despite Most Untoward Conditions.)

this country, but you can be a United States senator." This was long before there was a "New Education," but one of its foundation methods was used by Miss Dillon in thus relating young Nelson's life to the vital facts in the lives of men of success. From this time on he studied them with keen personal interest, seeking to find just how they had achieved. He realized that the first step was to learn more than a country district school taught.

Senator Nelson tells that he journeyed in an ex-cart of home construction, the wheels of which were sections of a big log, to the little village academy from which he graduated. On this cart was a large wooden chest which contained, in addition to his scanty wardrobe, sufficient provision from the farm to last him half the term. He did his own cooking, living as simply as did Daniel when he was in training to stand before Babylon's triumphant king. At this time he bore, without the slightest thought of relinquishing his object, the constant slights and ridicule of his fellow students.

Senator Nelson's personality announces the staying qualities which enabled him to realize the ambition inspired by his first teacher. He walks short, sits tall, and has the sturdiness of those not easily overthrown. His wide, firm mouth closes evenly; his iron-gray hair and beard are cropped to coordinate with the square-turned lines of his head and face; and his ear, which, according to de Maupassant, indicates one's origin far more accurately than any certificate of birth, is sizable, with elaborate, well-defined convolutions.

In a small way he entered the arena of politics shortly after he had finished his academic course, and has filled almost every office in the gift of the people, once or more, up to the one he now occupies. Meanwhile, he found time to serve as a soldier during the civil war, and to become an able lawyer.

The woman who opened the world of books to the senator, and the scarcely less important world of the amenities of life, was a guest at his home while he was a congressman. After her death, among her effects was found, carefully dated and arranged, almost every thing that had been published, up to that time, about him. It is one of the regrets of his life that Miss Dillon, the inspirer of his attainments, did not live to see him a senator.

Fresh air tablets are a preparation discovered by a French scientist. It was while investigating acetylene that he discovered that he could combine certain chemicals into a tablet which, on being dropped into water, dissolved and gave forth pure oxygen. These tablets will be exceedingly useful in a closed carriage, a submarine boat, a mine, or anywhere else where the air has become vitiated. —Science.

They Bring Joy and Happiness to Many Loving Hearts.

Love Romances in Various Walks of Real Life Are Marked by Facts That Seem Stranger Than Ordinary Fiction.

Cupid certainly works in a most mysterious way his wonders to perform and in the affairs of a young mechanic, named Dwyer, who works in the municipal lighting plant in Detroit, his messenger was a pair of greasy overalls. Dwyer wished to demonstrate to a friend the powerful draft of the big chimney. So he put a pair of old greasy overalls in the door at the bottom of the tall stack. The trousers, so strong is the draft, gracefully called up the chimney and out at the top.

Ordinarily the story should have ended here, but in this case it doesn't. It's an old saying "that what goes up must come down," and it was the coming down of the well lubricated overalls that makes this o'er true tale. For in descending the overalls had the extreme bad taste to come down plump on a neatly dressed young woman who was taking an afternoon stroll a block or two away, blissfully unconscious of any draft testing experiments. It is not nice to be struck squarely by a pair of dilapidated overalls and it does not at all improve the appearance of a tailor made walking suit.

The young woman was righteously indignant and she made inquiries as to where the suddenly bestowed came from. Some boys playing in the street had seen the flight of the overalls and told the young woman their origin. She lodged complaint at the power house and the young mechanic who had made the draft test was summoned to make the amende honorable. How well he succeeded was demonstrated the other day when he was married to the young woman whom he met under such novel circumstances.

Cupid seems to have no racial prejudices. The latest proof he has given of this was the bringing together as



THE OVERALLS CAME FLYING.

man and wife a Chinaman and a German girl. The groom was Charley Tang and the bride was Miss Dora Wenholz, both of Newark, N. J. Tang conducts a laundry and tea store in Newark, where he is superintendent of the Chinese department of the Centenary Methodist Sunday school. Miss Wenholz was a pretty girl, 22 years old, who, up to the time of her wedding, was studying for a trained nurse in a Brooklyn hospital. Miss Wenholz met Tang at the home of a schoolgirl chum, who is also wedded to a Chinaman. It was a case of love at first sight, but the wedding was postponed several times on account of the objections of the bride's parents. Finally Miss Wenholz decided that it was she who was to marry a Chinaman and not her parents, and that the question really concerned her and not them, so the other night there was a quiet little wedding in a pretty little home in Newark, and now Mr. and Mrs. Tang are receiving the congratulations of their friends.

The much discussed question anent long and short engagements was settled by two young people in Louisville in favor of the latter. Miss Elizabeth Pohlmann met Ferdinand de la Gasse one evening and the next day they were married. M. de la Gasse is a Paderman, the descendant of a noble race. He is an educated, much traveled man who went to Alaska several years ago in search of a fortune and found one. He came down to the United States to live and settled in Minneapolis. A few months ago he happened to pick up a matrimonial paper and saw an advertisement signed by Miss Pohlmann. M. de la Gasse wrote to the Louisville girl, and after awhile they exchanged photographs. The Frenchman was so struck by Miss Pohlmann's counterfeited presentation that he at once hurried to Louisville and went immediately to the young woman's house. Miss Pohlmann herself answered his knock and the two met for the first time. It was love at first sight, and the next day the marriage was celebrated, and the two, after a wedding trip, will begin married life in one of the most beautiful homes in Minneapolis.

The Latest Dyspepsia Fad. The latest fad in the way of a cure for dyspepsia is bread made of sea water, instead of fresh water. A Philadelphia baker makes a specialty of this bread, and the dyspepsics who use it declare that it aids them. The baker gets his sea water from Atlantic City. —Science.

-Hair Restorer

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